

THE BETTER AMERICA SERIES

Junior Home Mission Courses

BETTER AMERICANS

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THE BETTER AMERICA SERIES
Junior Home Mission Courses

BETTER AMERICANS

JOYCE CONSTANCE MANUEL
Author of The Junior Citizen



Published jointly by
Council of Women for Home Missions
and
Missionary Education Movement of the
United States and Canada
New York

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TO MY
FATHER AND MOTHER

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Better Americans

TO THE LEADER

BETTER AMERICANS is a course which contributes to the home missionary program of our churches by training boys and girls of America in a sense of responsibility to God for building a better America and by developing certain principles fundamental to the progress of our nation along lines in harmony with God's rule. Thus may the America of tomorrow find her strength in the righteousness of God. Along with the establishment of personal principles, the pupils are enlisted in the work of the denominational Home Mission Board¹ as an organization through which they do much toward making a better America.

General Features of the Course

1. The course consists of a series of lessons with which are combined worship features and service activities. All of the printed material needed for the course is contained in this book. This obviates the necessity of having a book of stories and a separate leaders' handbook.

2. Used in its entirety—and to the best advantage—it is a twelve-session course. Groups that find it impossible to hold twelve meetings may shorten the course by omitting or combining certain lessons. But the twelve-session schedule is strongly urged. Further, it is hoped

¹ Throughout this book the expressions "Home Mission Board" and "Home Mission Society" are used interchangeably to denote any or all home mission agencies within any particular denomination.

that a weekly meeting will be the rule and that groups now meeting once in two weeks or once a month will have a session each week while following this course.

3. No form of organization is suggested with the course. It may be used by any existing Junior missionary society or by the Junior department of the church school. Any special items of business that the group must consider may be introduced at the beginning of each session.

4. "BE A BETTER AMERICAN" is suggested as a slogan to be adopted by the boys and girls.

Detailed Features of the Course

The programs of the twelve sessions are based on the following activities:

1. SINGING HYMNS
2. LEARNING TO PRAY
3. DISCUSSING EACH SESSION'S THEME
4. TELLING STORIES
5. CREATING A ROLL OF HONOR
6. PLANNING AN EXHIBIT
7. MAKING USE OF PICTURES
8. DRAMATIZATION
9. RESEARCH WORK

1. The *hymns* selected for the course will be found in either the *Hymnal for American Youth*¹ or *Worship and Song*.² The permanent value to be derived from learning each year a few of the Churches' great hymns can not be overestimated.

2. One of the benefits to be derived from these several

¹ *Hymnal for American Youth*. Century Company. \$1.00.

² *Worship and Song*. Pilgrim Press, Boston. \$1.50.

weeks of study together is a training in *prayer*. A place should be made for this feature in each lesson at the point when the leader feels that the group can most truly pray. In most of the lessons a definite place for prayer is suggested, but the leader may wish to introduce it at some other point. It will be more really the children's prayer if they are asked to suggest specific things to pray for and about. The leader may then gather up these suggestions and use them as themes in a simple prayer.

3. In the *discussions* the leader should assimilate the purpose of the suggested conversation and the goal toward which it leads and then be ready to revise and originate questions and statements as she talks with the children. The fundamental aim in the conversation is to lead the children to *think*, to discover truths for themselves and to draw their own conclusions. Thus the thoughts set forth in the lessons become their own, and through the service activities suggested, children acquire to some extent the life principles which we wish to establish. What the children find out through their own thinking and their own activity is of infinitely more value to them than what is merely told to them.

4. The *stories* should be told, not read. Those given in the text may be exchanged for or supplemented by others to be found within the books listed in the "Reference Material," pp. 6-8. Each leader must choose her stories to fit the temperament of her own group. The children themselves may be encouraged to tell, spontaneously, short stories illustrating the theme of the session.

5. Names to be listed on the *Roll of Honor* may be gathered from newspapers, magazines, from history, and from personal acquaintance. The standard of choice should be that the person has rendered some service

which helps to make America a good country and hence has earned the right to be called a "better American."

6. The group will probably choose to conclude the course with an *exhibit*. For this, cooperation with the denominational Home Mission Board should be developed. The exhibit will consist, for the most part, of the posters which have been made at the meetings, as suggested in each week's program. The purpose of the exhibit will be to enlist the interest of others in the enterprise of making a better America and in supporting the work of the Home Mission Board. The posters will bear in addition to pictures significant comments and statements of facts showing how to be better Americans and what is the work of the Home Mission Board.

7. For making *posters* the Home Mission Board of each denomination will furnish pictures and facts representing its own work. Other pictures may be collected from missionary and general magazines and from newspapers, from picture sheets and picture stories published by the Missionary Education Movement and obtainable through the denominational boards, from regular picture companies, and from postcards. The children should also be encouraged to hunt individually for suitable pictures for their posters.

8. Many and valuable suggestions for *dramatization* may be obtained from the Department of Missionary Education of your denomination or from the Mission Boards. The group may choose a play which seems to them to carry out the aim of the course, and they may be encouraged to dramatize for themselves one or more of the stories that have proved to be of special interest. Valuable suggestions regarding group dramatization of stories will be found in *Following the Dramatic Instinct*

(Chapter IV) and in *Dramatization in the Church School*. Both of these books are listed in "Reference Materials."

9. If possible, keep an attractive display of home missionary literature where the boys and girls may see it while the course is in progress and encourage them to do outside reading. Titles that bear directly upon the different assignment questions may be given out for special study in connection with the discussions planned for the succeeding meeting.

Reference Materials

The lessons in this book have been so planned that they provide sufficient material for groups that do not have easy access to a library. For the benefit of those leaders who wish to secure additional material on the themes of the lessons, a brief list of titles is suggested in the section below. No attempt has been made to list the many helpful denominational books and pamphlets that are available. Each leader, well in advance of the beginning of the course, should secure from the home mission board of the denomination with which the group is connected a selection of literature on the various forms of the board's work in which junior groups may cooperate for their service activities. They should also send for catalogs of publications of the board and of the Missionary Education Movement, lists of children's stories and plays, etc.

PRINCIPLES AND METHODS

Dramatization in the Church School. ELIZABETH ERWIN MILLER.

The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois. \$1.25.

A series of ten lessons, the outcome of actual experience in teaching dramatization in the Church school.

Following the Dramatic Instinct. ANITA B. FERRIS.¹ 75 cents.

An elementary handbook on the use of dramatics in missionary and religious education. An exceedingly practical and invaluable book for any one producing plays or pageants.

Missionary Education in Home and School. RALPH E. DIFFENDORFER. Abingdon Press, New York. \$2.00.

The author shows parents and teachers how to develop the qualities of friendship, sympathy, helpfulness, cooperation, loyalty, justice, and generosity among growing boys and girls.

Missionary Education of Juniors. J. GERTRUDE HUTTON. 60 cents.

A handbook for leaders. A valuable study of principles, methods, and material for character building through missionary education for boys and girls nine to twelve years of age.

Training World Christians. GILBERT LOVELAND. Methodist Book Concern, New York. \$1.25.

A book with a three-fold purpose: to state world views of opportunity and obligation; to present some of the most approved methods of missionary education; and to indicate some of the most usable materials.

World Friendship Through the Church School. JOHN LESLIE LOBINGIER. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois. \$1.25.

A practical guide to the leader of a group attempting to develop a program of Christian friendliness and world service for its own particular church. Ten studies arranged in the form of a lesson outline.

STORIES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

Americans All. AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN. 40 cents.

A book of ten stories dealing with the life of immigrants in crowded cities. Four of these stories relate experiences

¹ Where publisher is not mentioned, order through your denominational board.

of a Russian girl; three, of Mexican children; and three, of a Chinese girl.

Frank Higgins: Trail Blazer. THOMAS D. WHITTLES. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

True adventure story of the first "sky pilot" to the lumber-jacks.

Giovanni. ANITA B. FERRIS. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents. Eight stories of the life of an Italian immigrant boy in America.

Handicapped Winners. ESTELLE HASKIN. Smith and Lamar, Nashville, Tenn. 50 cents.

A book of stories about American negroes who have won distinction.

In the Vanguard of a Race. L. H. HAMMOND. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Twelve biographical sketches of Negro men and women who have made outstanding achievements.

Jack-of-all-Trades. MARGARET APPLGARTH. 40 cents.

A true story of the Little Unseen People who help to feed, to clothe, and to make the world a comfortable place for other people to live in.

Junior Citizen, The. JOYCE CONSTANCE MANUEL. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. \$1.60.

A week-day course in world helpfulness for girls and boys, nine to eleven years of age. Twenty-six complete programs of instruction, expressional work, and play.

Magic Box, The. ANITA B. FERRIS. Cloth, 65 cents; paper, 40 cents.

A book of six stories portraying home, school, church, and community life of Negro boys and girls. The "Leader's Manual" for this book (15 cents) is full of valuable suggestions.

Making Life Count. EUGENE C. FOSTER. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

An intensely interesting presentation of the great principles which young people need to guide them in making life count.

Men and Things. HENRY A. ATKINSON. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

A book on the principal groups of industrial workers, describing in vivid and concrete terms their daily life and toil, and showing how the Church is attempting to meet their special needs.

Missionary Program Material. ANITA B. FERRIS. \$1.00.

A book of material for use in preparing missionary programs. There is a section devoted to home missions material and an excellent list of home mission literature.

Mr. Friend O'Man. JAY T. STOCKING. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents.

The home missions theme is treated skilfully in these allegorical stories.

Playing Square with Tomorrow. FRED EASTMAN. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

A clear and vivid presentation of the needs of rural communities, of new Americans, of migrant workers, of Indians and Mexicans in the United States, and of the peoples of Alaska and Porto Rico.

Resources and Industries of the United States. ELIZABETH FISHER. Ginn & Co., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 80 cents.

Serving the Neighborhood. RALPH A. FELTON. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

A book overflowing with practical suggestions for new and efficient ways in which to serve the neighborhood.

Stay-at-home Journeys. AGNES WILSON OSBORNE. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents.

A group of five stories showing the effect of Christian helpfulness on children living in an orphanage, in Porto Rico, in Alaska, in migrant shacks, and in a crowded tenement. The "Leader's Manual" for this book (15 cents) is full of valuable suggestions.

Stories of Brotherhood. HAROLD B. HUNTING. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents.

Fifteen stories of men and women who have spent their lives in service to others in home and foreign lands.

PLAYS

Alice's House Warming. (Americanization Play.) ANITA B. FERRIS. 15 cents.

Just Plain Peter. (Americanization Play.) JANET PRENTISS. 25 cents.

Pageant of the Land of the Golden Man. (Latin America.) ANITA B. FERRIS. 15 cents.

Ruth's Donation Party. (Child Labor Play.) ANITA B. FERRIS. 15 cents.

Through the Sunday-school Door. (Sunday-school Extension Play.) ANITA B. FERRIS. 15 cents.

Visitors from the Colonial Period. (Southern Mountain Play.) ANITA B. FERRIS. 15 cents.

PICTURE SHEET SERIES

These are twelve and in some cases sixteen-page folders of pictures, most of which measure 5 x 7 inches. Price for each folder, 25 cents.

AMERICA AT HOME

CHILDREN OF THE CITY

HOW WE ARE FED

HOW WE ARE SHELTERED

MEXICANS IN THE UNITED STATES

NEGRO NEIGHBORS

ORIENTALS IN THE UNITED STATES

WORK AROUND THE WORLD

FIRST SESSION

MAKING A BETTER AMERICA

AIM: *To lead the members of the group to realize the need of a better America and to create a desire on their part to help in making it. This is to be accomplished by leading them to think about the things that make a country truly great and good, to consider how far these things are or are not being realized in America today, and to suggest plans by which they can help.*

1. Song. "America."

2. Approach to the lesson.

What is our country called in the first stanza of this song? (*A "land of liberty."*) I want to show you a picture.

Show a picture of the Statue of Liberty. If a stereopticon or reflectoscope is available, it will be effective to throw the picture on the screen and let the group look at it quietly for a moment. Some may at once name the picture. If not, ask what it is. Then continue discussion as follows:

What does it mean to have a land of liberty? Does it mean a place where everyone can do just as one pleases?

Show that it means a land of *opportunity*, where each may have a chance to see and learn and do such things as will enable him to become the best kind of person. Liberty means opportunity to make the best of one's self.

What persons are spoken of in the first stanza of this song? (*The Pilgrims and "our fathers."*)

Explain that these both refer to the early settlers of our country.

Were the Pilgrims the only ones who have come to make America their home?

Someone will probably mention the immigrants. Point out

the fact that they are still coming. Tell something about the numbers of immigrants each year and the lands from which they come. Show a picture of Ellis Island and tell enough about the way in which immigrants are received there to lay the foundation for later reference to this piece of home mission work.

Why do all these people leave their homes to come to America?

Let me tell you a story that will explain this.

3. Development of the lesson.

John of Rumania

A STORY

Years ago in a little village of Rumania there lived a boy whom we will call John. John's father and mother loved him and wanted him to have good food and clothes and an education, just as all good parents do. But in Rumania a few people called nobles owned all the land and made all the laws about who should rule and how everyone must live.

John's parents had no chance to give him the things he really needed because his father could never hope to earn enough money or to own a home of his own. The nobles owned everything.

One day a traveler came to that village and told John's father of a wonderful land across the ocean where there was plenty of work, better wages, and liberty to do as one should. "In America," said the traveler, "everyone has a chance."

So John's father decided to go to America. He bought tickets for the passage on an ocean liner, and after some days at sea the ship entered New York harbor. The first thing that John and his father saw was the Statue of Liberty. All the family were very happy because they felt that they were now in a land where there was ———— What?

Lead the boys and girls to tell of the different things that John's father might have thought about when he saw the statue.

DISCUSSION

I wonder if John's father found everything he hoped for in America. Does everyone in this country have a fair chance to get all the good things that one really needs?

Discuss this point with the group, asking them to tell of any facts or conditions which should be improved in order to make this more fully a land of opportunity for everyone. The discussion may bring out such facts as these:

- (1) Many people sick.
- (2) Many hurt, or killed by accidents.
- (3) Children who have no good place in which to play.
- (4) Poverty: many even in America who cannot earn enough to provide for their families, educate their children, care for them in illness, etc.
- (5) Unfair and unkind treatment of many who come to us from other lands.

Draw out such facts by guiding questions, but be sure to give the members of the group a chance to think for themselves. Even though some of their answers may seem irrelevant, you will be enlisting their cooperation in working out the project and will start them to thinking about the need and the means of producing "Better Americans."

4. Application.

Can America be as good a land as it might be if there are people in it who do not have a fair chance to become "Better Americans"? We have seen that there are such persons. Perhaps you can think of other things that need to be improved if you think about it between now and our next meeting.

The question now is: What can we do to help? What can each of us do? What can we do by working with others? Our churches have an organization called the

Home Missionary Society that is working all the time to help make "Better Americans." What things does this Society do? What can we do to help?

Give the members of the group a chance to make suggestions in answer to these questions. These may include such as the following:

(1) Giving money for home mission work, or community needs. Discuss possible objects: work for children at Ellis Island, schools for Negroes, Indians, and other races in the United States. Suggest that the money thus given should be earned or saved.

(2) Getting up an exhibit with posters, models, etc., for the purpose of giving information and arousing interest in others.

(3) Giving a play for the same purpose and also, possibly, with an admission fee, the proceeds to be used for mission work. Discuss available plays or the possibility of getting up an original play as the outcome of this course. Such a play might be called "Better Americans."

Do not press for immediate decision as to what form of service activity the group shall choose. Unless there is very clear agreement, it will be better to let them talk it over until the next meeting.

5. Preparation for next session.

The purpose of this should be, not merely to set certain things to do or to learn, but to raise questions that will lead the members of the group to think about matters that may form a point of contact for the next lesson.

What were the reasons that brought John's father to America? (*A chance to work and to earn the money with which to give proper care to his family.*)

If such men are not to be disappointed, we must have work for people to do, money with which to pay them, and food and clothing and other necessary things that people may buy. In other words, we must have a land

of plenty. This is what we are to study next time. These are some things to think about before the next meeting:

(1) Has America plenty of the things that people need? Each one of you bring in a list of things that men use which we have here in America. Bring any pictures you can find that illustrate such products or manufactured things.

(2) How do we get the things men need to use?

(3) How can we help to make this more truly a land of plenty for everyone?

6. Prayer.

SECOND SESSION

A LAND OF PLENTY

AIM: *To create a feeling of gratitude for the good things of life—to God, as Father and Creator, and to those fellow workers who help to make these gifts available to us.*

1. Song. "America, America, We Lift Our Battle-cry."

2. Approach to the lesson.

Call for answers to the questions given at the end of the first session. Write the answers on the blackboard and see how complete the list can be made.

Call for pictures that have been brought in and fasten them up on a large sheet of cardboard or other suitable support, where all can see them.

3. Development of the lesson.

INTRODUCTION

Enlarging the list of products and manufactures reported by members of the group, write on the blackboard such headings as:

THINGS WE EAT THINGS WE WEAR THINGS WE USE

List under each the things already reported. This will help to suggest other things. The thinking of the group may be helped by such hints as these:

What did you eat for dinner?

What are the clothes you are wearing made of?

Where did the articles in this room come from? (Or things in the homes of members of the group.)

It will be interesting to make a product map, drawing on the blackboard or on a large sheet of paper an outline map of the United States with state divisions indicated. Write the names of various products in the sections from which they come. If a large map of the United States is available, the products may

be located by writing the names on labels and pinning them to the map.

DISCUSSION

Why America is a land of plenty. (This may be introduced by the following story:)

Once, longer ago than anyone can remember, the world was young and everything was new. In that far off time God was forming the earth and storing it with treasures, materials that men would need to aid them in living. Many of these hidden treasures were in America long before this country was discovered, for God did not reveal all his secrets to mankind at once.

After a time people began coming from Europe to this country and found that this America of ours was a great storehouse of good things.

This does not mean that they found everything all ready for them to use. God did a better thing than that for men. He hid many of his treasures away and then gave man the power to work and to think and to overcome difficulties. And so, when our ancestors settled in America, they had to work and to struggle with nature and to conquer hardships in order to get food and clothing and shelter.

You remember how it was with the Pilgrims during their first years. How little they had! How they had to struggle to get even a scant living! They thought that wheat could not be raised in this country. They tried it and failed, but that was because they tried it in the wrong place. The eastern coast did not have the right kind of soil and climate for wheat. What would they have thought if they could have known that America would now be producing a billion bushels of wheat every year? And that is because (*pointing to the product map*) out here in the west the soil and climate are just right for wheat.

Neither did the colonists know that over here (*indicating the place on the product map*) there was land on which corn could be raised in much larger quantities than on the eastern coast, nor did they in the least suspect that over here (*indicating on the map*) were miles and miles of land adapted to the raising

of sheep and cattle, nor that a land for oranges waited for them over here (*California*), or here (*Florida*).

After a time the colonists began to move out toward the west and to develop the resources of the country. It took courage to do this, for there were many perils and hardships. But they did it, and we owe much to them for thus discovering what a land of plenty this is and for helping to make it more so.

Are the early colonists the only ones to whom we are thus indebted? Through whom do we now get the things we eat and wear and use today?

Make a list on the board as the members of the group name these helpers: farmers, miners, lumbermen, fishermen, and others; also those engaged in manufacture, transportation, and so on.

All these fellow workers, then, are God's helpers in making America a land of plenty and, as they do this, they are "Better Americans."

4. Song. "For Peace and for Plenty."¹

5. Game. "Going to Market."

One member of the group is chosen as "Leader." He thinks of an article belonging to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. He then says, "I am going to market." The others ask, "To buy or to sell?" The leader replies, "To — ('buy,' or 'sell,' as he may choose)." The others ask, "To what kingdom does it belong?" The leader names one of the three, according to the article chosen. The others then try to guess the article. The one who is successful becomes "Leader" and the game continues.

6. Expressional work.

POSTERS

Refer to the plan mentioned at last meeting of making posters to be used as part of an exhibit. Ask if anyone now has an idea

¹ *Hymnal for American Youth.*

for a poster. Some may propose making a more complete Product Map. This may be an individual or a group enterprise.

ROLL OF HONOR

Suggest making a Roll of Honor of "Better Americans" to include the names of persons who, in the judgment of the group, have helped or are now helping to make a better America. If this meets with approval, let the members of the group suggest the method: making a book in which the names may be written, or putting them on a sheet of cardboard with an attractive and appropriate heading, or following any other ideas upon which they may agree.

Ask the members of the group to suggest any names with which the Roll of Honor should be begun. A good plan will be to have all such nominations voted upon by the group before placing the names on the roll. If necessary, the Leader may suggest one or two possible candidates to begin with.

7. Dramatization.

If the group has decided to give a play, some time may be spent in discussing plans for it, or in rehearsal if a play already prepared has been chosen. Local conditions and the length of sessions will determine whether rehearsals should take place in connection with the sessions or at some other time.

8. Prayer.

An important feature of the course is the training of the boys and girls in thoughtful prayer. Ask each one to name something, or person, or group of people, for which he would like to thank God. Include all these suggestions in your prayer.

9. Preparation for next session.

I want to tell you a story and ask you to think over what it means before our next meeting. This pencil (*holding up a lead pencil*) might tell us an interesting story if it could speak. Let us imagine that it has that power and listen to what it says.

My, but I was glad when the janitor took me out of that basket of rubbish and put me on the teacher's desk! I thought my end had come, and I was not half used up. After all I went through to get ready for my job of writing, I felt decidedly disappointed to be thrown away when I had just begun to work.

I suppose Jack is wondering what became of me. Well, it is no thanks to him that I am here. I do not suppose he ever thought about where I came from, else he might think it worth while to give me a chance to work as long as I last.

The teacher gave me to Jack. I suppose he thinks that is where I began, but he will have to think farther back than that. I would like to take Jack over the route by which I came here. I would take him down to the red cedar grove in Florida where I was once part of a tree. Then I would let him see the lumbermen come and saw down trees just like the one I once belonged to.

Perhaps Jack would hear, just as I heard one day, the foreman talking to a visitor who asked, "How much wood do you suppose is used for pencils every year?" That foreman replied, "About 320,000,000 pencils are made in our country each year and, while some of them are made of pine, about 110,000 tons of cedar are used."

Then Jack and I would follow the trees to the lumber mill and see them transformed into wooden blocks. If Jack should measure one of those finished blocks, he would find it seven inches long by three and one half inches wide and three eighths of an inch thick. Those blocks don't look much like me, but I was once one of them.

Next Jack would see how I was carried away to a lead pencil factory and there the block of wood would be marked in six grooves to hold six long pieces of graphite which were glued in place. Another block of wood would be glued on top of that and when the glue had dried, the block would be cut into proper lengths and—here I am a lead pencil!

A piece of writing-paper, or any other article used and frequently wasted by boys and girls, might be chosen to tell its story.

THIRD SESSION

THRIFT

AIM: *To lead the members of the group to have regard for the rights of all in the use of supplies, to avoid waste; and to do something as a group in the way of conservation.*

1. Song. "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand."

2. Approach to the lesson.

What is the first thing we have learned that helps to make a country a good one in which to live? (*That it shall be a land of plenty.*)

You remember the story of the lead pencil (or whatever other article may have been used.) What complaint did the pencil make? (*Jack threw it away before its usefulness was ended.*)

How many lead pencils did the foreman say are made in America each year? And how many tons of cedar are used for this purpose? Suppose everyone who uses lead pencils should throw them away before they were half used, think how many more trees would be required to supply the demand for pencils! What happens to a country when it loses too many of its trees? (*Shortage of fuel, shortage of material for general purposes, drying up of water courses, etc.*) This makes it rather important to avoid waste. That is what we are going to study about today.

3. Development of the lesson.

DISCUSSION

(1) *The need of being careful.* We can help to keep America a land of plenty by being careful in the use of her natural resources.

Explain what is meant by "resources"—the products upon which a country depends for its needs, such as trees, coal, oil, gas, iron, fish, game, etc.

God has given us all these things to use, but most of them are produced very slowly, while a great many people use them up very rapidly. Think how long it takes for a tree to grow and how quickly it can be cut down or burned up. Think how much longer it takes for coal to form in the depths of the earth.

If we use these resources faster than they can be produced, the time must come when there will not be enough for the needs of mankind. If we are worthy caretakers, helpers of God in keeping this land of plenty, we shall do what we can to prevent this.

(2) *How waste does harm.* The question now is, What can we do? We are obliged to use many things in order that we may supply our needs. But what about using up things when we do not need to? How many of God's good gifts do you suppose are needlessly wasted?

Ask the members of the group to give examples of waste. Draw out their answers by suggestive questions, if necessary, and make a list of the replies. It will include such as these:

Throwing good food into garbage pails.

Taking a bite out of an apple and leaving the rest.

Taking more food on one's plate than one can eat.

Nibbling frosting off a piece of cake and leaving the cake.

Throwing away unburned coal in the ashes.

Spoiling good material, wood or cloth, by careless handling.

Not a very nice list to face, is it? Evidently, if we are to be "Better Americans" we have a really thrilling job on hand, each by himself and all together helping God to keep this a land of plenty for everyone.

(3) *How to help.* Let us make another list—ways of saving—to take the place of this wasteful one.

Ask the group to suggest ways in which each one can help to prevent waste. This may include such as the following:

Keep lead pencils until they are all used up.

Learn to make a good point on a pencil the first time you try, to avoid cutting away too much of the pencil.

Be careful about the use of paper for writing or drawing or other handwork.

Save wrapping paper to be used again; also string.

Take on your plate only as much as you can eat.

Learn to eat left-over food that is still good.

Save old newspapers, old iron, rags, etc., to sell to junk dealers.

The Leader may comment on some of these items if desired, suggesting how many people who have not enough to eat might be fed on the good food that is now wasted; and pointing out, in connection with the last item, that three things are accomplished: (1) getting money to use in useful ways, (2) giving the junkman a chance to earn money for the support of his family, (3) saving the junk, which is converted into useful articles.

What laws are there in this state for the protection of game, fish, birds, forests? (*Conservation laws.*)

Discuss these laws with the group, emphasizing the need for such laws in order that these natural resources may be conserved for the good of all. The discussion need not be limited to your own state, but may take in federal laws, reservations, etc. If any of the older members are Scouts or Camp Fire Girls, sources of information will be available. Some may have seen the game laws or forestry regulations posted in public buildings. See if any of them know what precautions should be taken by campers with regard to building fires.

(4) *What Jesus taught about saving.* I wonder if you remember a story about something that Jesus did

one day by which he showed us that one way of being a good caretaker in God's world is not to waste anything. It is the story of that day when Jesus went to a quiet place to rest, and a great crowd of people followed him. When Jesus saw how eager they were to learn of God's truth, he gave up his plans for rest and worked all day teaching them. They stayed until after sunset, and most of them had had nothing to eat all day.

Ask the members of the group to tell the rest of the story. If no one thinks of Jesus' command, "Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost," refer them to John 6:12.

4. Expressional work.

ROLL OF HONOR

Call for nominations. If any are offered, discuss them with the group, asking the one who makes the nomination to tell the reasons why he thinks this name should be added, then let the group vote upon the nomination.

POSTERS

Ask if anyone has a new idea for a poster. Suggest the making of posters illustrating by contrasted pictures or statements acts of wastefulness and of saving.

5. Service activities.

Take an inventory of supplies. The average church has many supplies that are not used, such as story papers, lesson helps, materials that have been used for decorating and various other articles. Some of these could be used if put in order so that they are accessible. Others would be of real help in mission schools that have little money with which to buy supplies. Suggest taking an inventory to see if there are any things going to waste on our own premises. Divide the members into small

groups for the purpose, giving each a room or closet or cabinet to inventory. Have them sort things out and put them in order and make a list of them. Discuss these lists to find out what things may be of use in the work of the church or school and what may be of use elsewhere. Here is an opportunity to co-operate in home mission work. Suggest that some member of the group be appointed to write to your home mission or Sunday-school Board to find out what things are needed and where. When this information has been secured, have the boys and girls wrap up the articles that are to be sent in neat bundles, and tie them securely.

Care should be taken to consult the proper church officers to get their approval of this use of the supplies.

6. Preparation for next session.

Assign the following questions to be answered at the next meeting.

How many schools are there in the city?

How much does it cost to support them?

Where do their text-books come from?

How is your church school supported?

Where do its text-books come from?

7. Prayer.

8. Dramatization.

The time of rehearsals for the play will need to be determined by the leader. Perhaps a few of the principal participants can be carrying on this enterprise while others are engaged in expressional work. On the other hand, it may be desirable to have this as the last feature of the session. If the rehearsals are held at another time, the play should at least be mentioned at the session to keep it before the minds of the members as a part of the course.

FOURTH SESSION

EDUCATION

AIM: To lead the pupils to recognize the value of education, to appreciate their opportunity in that line, to desire to get as much of it as possible for themselves, and to help to secure it for those who do not have an equal chance.

1. Song. "Have You Had a Kindness Shown?"

2. Service activities.

Dividing into groups, continue the work of sorting and taking an inventory of supplies if that work was not completed last week. Also work on the thrift posters begun at the last meeting.

3. Approach to the lesson.

Call for reports on the questions assigned for investigation last week. Ask the children for their ideas as to the value of an education and how they can make a success of it. Such questions as these may be asked:

For how many years have you been going to school?

In what ways do you think you are better off than you would be if you had never gone to school?

Think of the different kinds of business you may like to engage in when you are grown up. What has going to school to do with that?

Can you think of any rules for success in school which men and women in business also have to obey?

How will going to school help to make Better Americans?

4. Development of the lesson.

DISCUSSION

(1) *The story of Horace Mann.* If you should go to Boston, you would see in front of the State House a

statue of Horace Mann. When a statue is erected in memory of a man, you may be sure that it is because that man has done something for the benefit of his fellow men, and the erection of a statue is one way of showing appreciation for the kind of service which that man gave.

Horace Mann was born in 1796 and died in 1850. When he was a child there were no free common schools, and only well-to-do families found it easy for their children to secure an education. For this reason many children had no education. Horace Mann was one of the many boys who found it difficult to buy the few textbooks necessary for school. He braided straw mats to earn money to buy his spelling book, arithmetic, and reader. When he became a man, he had a chance to change the educational system of his own state, to arouse the interest of other states in educational reform, and even to influence foreign countries. In his day a state board of education was organized of which Mr. Mann became chairman. While holding that position he wrote papers about principles and methods of teaching which made him famous in America and abroad.

As a result of these papers great improvements have been made in school systems. Two reforms which Mr. Mann worked for especially were the establishment of free common schools which would make it possible for every child to receive a common school education, and the establishment of normal schools in which teachers could be trained for their work. Because of this work which he did for children, he is considered one of the greatest Americans.

(2) *Needs still unmet.* Horace Mann wanted every child to have a good education because he felt, just as we do, that by having a knowledge of affairs and of how

to do things, and by possessing minds trained to think wisely and right, they would be "Better Americans," and would help make America a better helper in God's world.

His dreams have come only partly true. We have splendid public schools in which most of us can get a first class education. But there are some who have been left out of the public school system and would not have a fair chance to make the best of themselves and of America, except that other citizens have seen that this is unfair, have stood up for the rights of these less fortunate children, and have tried to give them their chance.

Our churches believe that at present a part of their work as caretaker for God is to see that these people have their chance. This they accomplish through the Home Missionary Society.

Present facts about the location of schools established or maintained by your Home Mission Board. Write the names of the places on the blackboard, together with the names of the workers in these schools.

For the Sake of Learning

A STORY ¹

By Ethel de Long Zande

It was barely more than the break of light when little Nance rushed from her breakfast to give her last caresses to the two pet lambs. Pappy had gone to feed Old Maud and she knew Mammy would call in a minute and ask if she'd filled the flour poke with apples for her brothers and sisters. She danced across the yard to the barn, so excited she hardly felt the bite of the frost on her bare feet. The lambs were stirring in their pile of fodder when she flung herself upon them.

"I won't be missin' you, little fellers, 'cause I'm going to school,

¹ Reprinted with permission of the *Home Mission Monthly*.

but I reckon you'll bleat atter me. You and me has been such playmates. You all must run atter Maw now, and she'll salt ye and set ye out milk. When I come home at Christmas time you'll be right smart chunks of sheep, and mebbe you'll hardly know me."

Though the pet lambs bleated after her all the way back to the house, they did not disturb her gaiety. For a year she had been waiting for a place in the school twenty miles away across the hills. Ever since she could remember, her older brothers and sisters had gone there and brought back tales of the women who taught there, of the learning you could get, of the plays and frolics.

It had always been planned that as soon as there was a place in the school for her, the "baby one," Nance should go too, and now, night before last, Stacy Ellen had written that a little girl had dropped out and she must come right away. Nance felt proud elation—at last she was to go to a real school. How often had she heard Pappy say: "I wouldn't mind the child walkin' four miles to school if she jest could get larning, but we've had such sorry luck with teachers here lately, 'pears like going to school destroys the least ones' minds 'stead of larnin' them."

As she helped Mammy pick out a mess of sweet potatoes to take to her new teacher for a present, Mammy said: "Now Nance, I don't reckon you'll git dissatisfied, but if you do, don't you give up. You stick it out. Maw wants you to know more'n she does when you're growed."

"Why, no, Mammy, I'm jes' proud to git to go. It's only two months to Christmas, and I'd never get homesick that quick."

At last she was up behind Pappy on Old Maud and they were started. Little Nance had never been off the waters of Salt Lick, and as they forded Rockhouse, she allowed that sure must be the Mississippi, it was so big. Holding tight to Pappy, the little eleven-year-old girl thought her day's ride a great adventure and wondered how Rufus could ever have cried, as he once did when he was starting to school, and begged Mammy to let him stay at home.

When at length, just as the sun ball dropped, they came to the school, it seemed more wonderful than Nancy's dreams. Such fine houses, such a welcome from her brothers and sisters, so many children gathering in front of the fire after supper to sing song ballads!

"Oh, Pappy, tell Mammy I like it fine!" she told him.

For two days she liked it fine. Then something strange happened inside her and she could think of nothing but home: the pet lambs; the red peppers hanging from the loft in the kitchen; the small, cozy, dark room, so sheltered and safe; Pappy playing the dulcimer after supper and singing, to please her, the ballad of Fair Ellender. She wanted to come down the hill from hunting chestnuts and see blue smoke rising from the chimney and the cows gathered about the house waiting for Mammy to milk them. Most of all, she wanted Mammy to come to the door and call, "Nance, come, bring in some stove wood for me, honey." She could only cry her heart out at night and every day beg an unyielding Rufus to take her home. But Rufus, who had gone through his own pangs, would not help her. At last, after four days of "purely misery," little Nance slipped off just as the light broke, and with the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon found her way across the hills. It was dark when she reached home, the firelight was streaming out of the open door, and Mammy was washing up the supper dishes. Nance flung herself into her mother's arms. "Oh, Mammy, I don't never want to leave ye again, nohow. There haint no school able to make me satisfied away from you."

"Why, love hit's heart," said Mammy, "my baby was homesick, was it? And hit didn't allow hit would be! An' run away, did ye, all by yourself? Well, honey, just ye sit down now and have a baked sweet tater and some milk afore you drop off to sleep. You must be plumb wearied out."

Somehow little Nance got the notion that Mammy was purely glad to see her, and she fell into a sleep of deepest satisfaction when she finished her supper. In the morning, to her surprise, there was Rufus who had started after her as soon as they found she was gone and had been an hour or so behind her all

along the road. She never dreamed anyone would worry about her at the school—she had just come home! “They was all good to me, but I couldn’t be satisfied.”

Nobody questioned her running away all the day long, till evening, when she was helping Mammy wind yarn. “Little Nance,” said she, “you be goin’ back tomorrow with Rufus to school, be’nt ye?” “Oh, no, Mammy, I’ll just stay with you and get on with what larnin’ I’ve got, an’ you kin teach me to dye and to weave.” As her mother sat silent and unsmiling, she went on: “I heerd you tell the school women oncet you reckoned things was evened up to fellers, ’cause if you hadn’t been nowhere nor seen nothin’, you could spin and weave, and they couldn’t!”

Then her mother surprised her—the mother whose gentleness was unfailing, but whose words were few. “Nance, you listen to Mammy, honey. You know what little larnin’ I’ve got, but you don’t know how hard I come by it. When they talked about puttin’ the post office here, Pappy couldn’t write his name and I could only read a little. We studied how we could get knowledge enough to run the post office, an’ he was so busy tendin’ the crop and gettin’ out fencin’ he couldn’t go to school. So we laid it out for me to take the baby—hit was Stacy Ellen then—and go across the hill and get the larnin’. It was hard on your Pappy to have the three leetle fellers at home to look after while I was gone, and it was hard on me to strike out four miles with the baby after I’d milked and got breakfast and done up the work. When I come home hit would be supper time and milkin’ time again, and I never got no time to teach your Pappy till all the sleepy-headed little fellers was put to bed. Then we’d build up a big bresh fire and read an’ write till midnight.

“Well, it took us three months to get able enough in readin’ and writin’ so we could keep the post office, but we started in about fodderin’ time. Then the inspector come along and cast down us mighty nigh as soon as we was begun, for there was statements to make which took knowledge of figgerin’. Pappy was for givin’ up, but I says, ‘Now, Aleck, I’ll go back to school and get up on figgers and larn ye nights.’ He says: ‘No, you’ve got the children’s yarn stockings’ to make an’ more linsey to weave

an' your beans and apples to dry and your cabbage to put down—I don't see how ye kin. You've fell away a sight a'ready packin' that baby eight miles a day.' Well, I *was* pore, but I didn't care about keepin' a post office as much as I did that my little young uns should have larned parents. I wanted them to be up-standing. I says to your pappy: 'You let me go, you kin spare me the steer to ride now, and teacher will help me extra!' Teacher was an awful good-hearted young feller. So we fixed it. I got the knowledge of figgers and afore Christmas we knowed enough to make out them reports.

"Well, honey, we sot our minds to give our young uns larnin' afore they come to such a pass as ours. 'Pears like each one that's gone off was harder to see go. A hearth without your little fellers settin' around it is mighty cold, no matter how big the fire is. An' I've thought since your pappy's gettin' bowed over, he ought to have his boys to help him. But we've held on and now there's Cyrus off to college and 'Lizabeth teaching school and three more still in school. Even if's so lonely without you, honey, Mammy kin hardly live, she wants you to go back. It looks hard, jes' like the neighbors say, to raise a family an' then have nary a child at home nine months out'n the year, but I kin pet your little lambs for ye and study about the good time we'll have Christmas and if Mammy kin stand it, can't you? I won't force ye to go—I couldn't never bear it onless you was to tell me you could be satisfied, but it would hurt your pappy and me mightily not to raise our baby one towards humanity."

Mammy's hands had dropped the ball of yarn and she sat looking at little Nance with such mingled yearning and valor that even the little girl felt the glory of years of sacrifice. She, too, could be brave. How she was to stand those lonesome feelings inside she did not know, but she could take the road her mother pointed out for her. "I'll go back with Rufus tomorrer," she said, "and I'll go till I git all the larnin' an' manners you want me to have. But I won't never go off to college nor teach school. I'm aimin' fer you to larn me to tromp the treadles and weave Ladies' Delight an' Pine Blossom. I—I don't want to be a teacher and live away from ye. I don't want to be nothing finer than just a *mammy* like you."

5. Expressional work.

Talk over the plans already made to contribute surplus supplies to the Home Missionary Society and to give an exhibit and play to interest others in the work. State that by cooperating with the Home Missionary Society thus they are helping to give educational opportunities to boys and girls who are not having a fair chance in that regard, and so are doing something very important toward making Better Americans. Suggest that in addition to the surplus supplies of the church school they collect other articles such as pencils, erasers, rulers, plasticene, pen-wipers, pencil-boxes, blocks of paper, crayons, paints, to make up a box of school supplies for some mission school. Write to your Home Mission Board regarding the possibility of the class entering into correspondence with home mission schools.

Plan for the making of POSTERS next week related to educational work.

Call for any nominations the children wish to make for admission to the ROLL OF HONOR. Horace Mann's name will probably be suggested. Vote on the nominations.

6. Dramatization.

See suggestions for the preceding sessions.

7. Preparation for next session.

Ask each one of the group before the next meeting to think of something beautiful that he has seen,—a landscape, picture, or anything that seems to him really beautiful and report on this in writing at the next meeting, telling why he thinks it is beautiful. Or, ask each one to report in writing on the topic, "The Most Beautiful Spot in My Town."

Assign for investigation and thought, the questions:

What parks and playgrounds have we in our town?

Who supports them?

Why do we have them?

8. Prayer.

FIFTH SESSION

REGARD FOR THINGS BEAUTIFUL

AIM: To develop an appreciation of beauty as one of the things that helps to make a country a good one in which to live; to lead the boys and girls to add to the beauty of their surroundings and to avoid doing anything that will mar them; also to create the desire to help others to enjoy beauty as we do.

1. Expressional work.

ROLL OF HONOR

Add names at the children's suggestion.

POSTERS

Work on posters appealing for cooperation in the educational work of the Home Missionary Society or setting forth the value of education in general.

2. Approach to the lesson.

Call for reports on last week's assignment. Show pictures or slides of beautiful scenery, including the national parks of the United States. Comment upon the pictures and repeat, "He hath made everything beautiful in its time."—*Ecclesiastes 3:11*.

Discuss God's color scheme in nature—brown for the earth, blue for the sky, white for clouds, green for grasses and leaves and so on, allowing the children to build up the description.

3. Development of the lesson.

DISCUSSION

(1) *Our government's regard for things beautiful.* We have just seen how beautiful and wonderful our country is (*referring again to the pictures shown*), particularly of our national parks. There came a time when

our government realized that private parties might get possession of all the land offering this scenery by buying it up just as people buy other land, with the following possible results:

(a) Our giant trees might have been cut down, and the acres of wildflower land plowed up.

(b) All this beauty which God created for us could have been enjoyed only by the few people who owned the land.

To avoid these possible dangers, our government refused to sell certain tracts of land but, instead, made national parks. As a result, these natural wonders have been protected and saved, and a large number of people every year enjoy visits to these parks. Thus our government is helping to give more people a fair chance to enjoy the beauty of our country.

Name and locate the parks and some distinctive features of each. The National Park Portfolio which may be found in your public library will be helpful. You recall the lines in "America," "I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills." There is another song about the beauties and wonders of our country. Who can tell the name of this song? (*America the Beautiful.*) Let us sing it now.

(2) *Our regard for things beautiful in our church.* If you and I are going to help keep the world beautiful, suppose we begin just where we are—with the church. What things do you think make a church beautiful? What mars its beauty? What have we already done to add to the beauty of the church? (*The cleaning up of closets and cabinets.*)

(3) *An observation game.*

Give each child a sheet of paper and a pencil. Rule off two columns. Head one column, "Touches of Beauty in Our Church";

the other, "Things Not Beautiful in Our Church." Have the pupils form in line, march, and observe silently, each writing his own observations on the paper. The tidiness of shelves or cases or closets, as already mentioned, may be noticed, and books or chairs, beautiful pictures, stained glass windows, attractive color scheme, may be listed as marks of beauty. The class should travel from basement to belfry for the survey or game.

Returning to their class seats, compare lists to see how many facts have been noted by the group. Make plans to help keep the church beautiful. Decision might be made to ask some older boys or men of the church to help the Juniors repair chairs or books. They may immediately substitute order for some cases of disorder. They may do some dusting, and remove unsightly articles. If the church has stained glass windows, tell the children something of interest about them: who made them and how they were obtained. It may be pointed out that certain furnishings are found in the church because some of the church's friends loved beauty and wanted the house of God to have some touches of beauty. Read *Ezra 7:27*. May we not speak likewise in regard to the touches of beauty in our church?

(4) *Our regard for things beautiful at home.*

The children will readily think of how they can help beautify their homes. Ask how many will make it a matter of business to keep their yards beautiful. They should also be encouraged to start gardens or flower boxes. Suggest that when they buy the next birthday present for a member of the family, they select something beautiful. Tell them about pictures such as the Perry Pictures and pictures from magazines, which may be mounted and hung with a cord.

(5) *Our regard for things beautiful in our town.*

The class may be stimulated to keep their town beautiful by the following comment and discussion:

A soldier in the World War was asked by his enemy officer where his home was. After hearing the name of the city, the officer replied, "I've been there. That's the

dirtiest city I ever saw.” Fighting in a war is only one way to serve one’s country and it is very seldom necessary to serve it in that way. How might that soldier have served his country in time of peace? How much beauty can you see on your street? In your town? How can you help your town?

Keeping the street one lives on clean and orderly, refraining from defacing any public building or scattering papers or doing anything that will mar the beauty of the city may be mentioned.

(6) *Making ourselves beautiful.*

Ask the group if they know any beautiful persons, and what they think makes them beautiful. If they think it is only fine features, complexion, pretty clothes, suggest that they look up the verse, “As he thinketh within himself, so is he” (*Proverbs* 23:7.) Discuss the meaning of the verse, pointing out that we are likely to think about the things we see and hear or read. Therefore since we become like the things we think about, it is a good rule to read that which is beautiful, hear that which is beautiful, and see that which is beautiful. Develop the thought of training ourselves to appreciate beauty, by questions such as these:

1. Can you think of some beautiful things about us every day which we get in the habit of not noticing?
2. Why do you think it is unwise to allow beautiful things around us to go unnoticed?

The children will probably realize that we should thus lose our power to appreciate real beauty and thereby we should lose much of the enjoyment of life.

3. Did you ever think of the people who live where there is little that is beautiful and how much they appreciate beauty when they see it?

Roses Red

A STORY ¹

By Edith Scamman

The big Service flag with seventy-six blue stars was pushed slowly outward on the ropes, until it hung over the center of a busy street on the East Side. A passing breeze swayed it to and fro, while ringing cheers, "Viva America! Viva Italia!" came from hundreds of voices below.

It was the proudest moment in Giovanni's life. One of the blue stars in this community flag was there because of his father. For had he not volunteered several months before, and was he not even now "over there" fighting in the trenches?

Giovanni clasped Gustavia's hand tightly, as they stood together on the edge of the crowd, gazing up at the beautiful flag.

"Look," he whispered in Italian to his little sister, "Father is there—in the flag. Can't you see him?"

"Which star is he, Giovanni?" she asked. But before Giovanni had a chance to reply, the two children were shoved along by the push-cart venders who had collected on the spot in honor of the flag raising, and who were now hurrying away in various directions.

They turned down a side street to the big tenement house where the Rossi family lived. Mounting the long, dark staircase, up and up, they reached a passageway leading to two inside rooms. As they opened the door, little Gustavia put her hand across her eyes. The change from the blackness of the stairway to the brilliant color of the room, sent a sharp pain through her eyelids. On the long table at which the mother sat working, across the chairs, scattered in confusion over the floor, were masses of red roses. Not greenhouse, or garden roses, oh, no, but roses made of red sateen petals,—roses such as your mother and big sister wear on their hats at Easter time.

She looked up from her work. Over her shoulders was a

¹ Reprinted from "Here and There Stories," published by The Department of Missionary Education of the Congregational Education Society.

black shawl, for the room was chilly. Her face was pale, in contrast to the rich colors around her. She spoke quickly and sharply, "Hurry up, children, get to work. You've lost so much time already. The man will pay me only eight cents for twelve dozen roses. The rent is overdue, and we have no macaroni in the house. And Michael is so slow!" She looked at the small boy with black curly hair sitting beside her, who had just put his little finger in the paste pot, as he reached across the table for a handful of red petals.

Giovanni and Gustavia drew up their chairs. They worked very quickly, stringing five petals on a piece of wire, and pasting them carefully. Then they slipped the wire into a green tube, and hung the roses on a line to dry. Hour after hour their fingers moved steadily. Giovanni tried hard to forget about school, but he couldn't seem to put the thought of it out of his mind. Three months ago, after his father had marched away behind the band, he had left school to help his mother with the flowers.

The hands of the round-faced nickel clock were creeping toward four, and Giovanni was getting ready to go for the newspapers which he sold every night, when the sound of low sobbing made them look up in surprise. Gustavia's head was lying on the table right across a pile of petals. She was crying very hard, her little body shaking with sobs.

"Gustavia!" her mother spoke severely, not because she was really cross, but because she was so tired and so anxious to get the order of roses finished.

"I can't, Mother!" she whispered. "I can't. My head hurts so badly, and I can't see!"

Gustavia didn't make any more roses that day or the next. In fact, she hasn't made any since then.

The corner drugstore man gave her mother a bottle of medicine with which she bathed Gustavia's tired, inflamed eyes. Then she tied a bandage around her head, so Gustavia had to live in the dark, except occasionally when she raised the white cloth to peep out. But she was always glad to pull it down again very soon.

"I wish I had a real rose—the kind that grows and smells sweet, like we had in Italy!" Gustavia said one day. "I never

saw them here except once or twice in big glass windows. Don't they have any in New York except those we make?"

Giovanni felt a big lump coming in his throat. How he longed to buy her a rose! But he knew that the nice ones cost as much as a quarter apiece sometimes.

That very night he was selling papers near the entrance of a downtown theatre. Crowds of richly dressed women with their escorts descended from automobiles and thronged the brilliantly lighted doorway. His attention was attracted to a young woman, dressed in a pale blue opera cloak, trimmed with fur. It was not her face, or the cloak that he noticed especially, but the long-stemmed, deep red roses she was wearing. As she passed near him and was pushed forward through the doorway by the crowd behind, suddenly the roses slipped and fell to the pavement.

Quick as a flash Giovanni darted through the crowd, catching up the flowers just in time to save them from being trampled on. The plea of Gustavia kept ringing through his mind, "I want a real rose,—a real rose!"

Joyfully he ran down the street. He had not gone a block before he felt something sharp prick against his finger. Thinking it was a thorn, he started to pull it off. To his astonishment he found a bar pin, caught in the stems, with three jewels which glittered and sparkled in his hand.

For just a minute he hesitated. He had not thought it wrong to pick up the flowers when they dropped right in front of him and when Gustavia wanted them so much. But this pin was different. The stones might be diamonds—Giovanni was not sure. He knew to whom it belonged. He must take it back, and the roses, too. Slowly he walked back to the theatre. The throng in the entrance hall had disappeared. In front of the ticket office stood the lady with the blue cloak, a light-haired young man with a tall hat, beside her. The man was talking to the ticket seller.

Giovanni touched her arm gently, as he held out the flowers. "Here, lady!" he said, "yer droppa yer flowers. My sister—she lova rosa. I pick them—for her. I looka pin. I bring them back."

Holding out her hands eagerly for the flowers and the pin,

the lady smiled at him. Before she had time to speak, the man with the tall hat turned. He had not heard Giovanni's words.

"Oh, you found your roses, Alice! Look! See if the pin is there. You can't trust any of these Dagos!" Then, his glance falling on the shining jewels, he added, "Good, here's a dollar for you, boy!"

It was the tone of his voice that touched Giovanni. He shook his head, and refused to take the bill. The words fairly tumbled headlong from his lips:

"My father—he fight over there. He good American, no Dago! I, American, too. No steal! No, sir!" Looking into the man's face, and seeing the amused expression there, he added, "*Why* you no fight? You no good American! No!"

Turning around, he rushed out, and ran down the street, shouting, in loud tones, "'Xtra! 'Xtra!"

It was six months later. Giovanni stood with two "newsies" before the brightly lighted windows of the Protestant Italian Mission. "Come on in, Giovanni! Miss Stiles said we might bring some other kids tonight. There will be a debate and games, and ice cream!"

Giovanni hesitated. He had often stopped on his way home before these same windows and watched the children, busy with hand work and games. But no one had ever invited him inside before. His father and mother had been Catholics in the old country, but since coming to America they had scarcely ever been to church. It would surely do no harm to go in.

Once in the bright, cheerful room Giovanni felt at home, for he saw several boys he used to know at school, who welcomed him gladly. Many of the games were easy ones which he found he could play, and he was having a fine time, when he suddenly realized that Miss Stiles, the leader of the boys' club, was looking at him very earnestly. She seemed strangely familiar. He felt his heart beating, for she was coming towards him. Touching his arm, she said gently, "Come with me, please! I want to talk with you." She led the way into a small classroom.

"I think I have seen you before," she began quietly. "Is your father in the war, and have you a sister who is very fond of roses?"

In a flash, it all came back to Giovanni. "Oh,—the lady what lost the flowers!" he stammered.

"Yes, and I have been trying to find you ever since. I wanted to tell you how sorry I was for what my friend—he isn't my friend any longer—said to you that night. You were right. He was a 'slacker!'" she added sadly.

Little by little, led on by her kind questioning, Giovanni told her in his broken English about his father, from whom they had heard nothing for weeks and weeks, of his giving up school to help his mother make roses, of Gustavia whose eyes were still so sore she could not work.

A fine-looking Italian, whom Giovanni found later to be the pastor of the mission church, entered the room just then. He grasped Giovanni's hand cordially. Almost before Giovanni realized it, he had promised to join Miss Stiles' club of boys on three weekday evenings and to come to Sunday school on Sunday.

The Italian minister took the number of the tenement where the Rossi family lived and said he would call on Giovanni's mother and see if anything could be done to make Gustavia's eyes well and strong again.

They agreed that Giovanni must return to school, promising to find a place where he could earn more money after school than by making flowers.

When Giovanni left the mission late that evening, Miss Stiles walked out beside him. To his surprise she led the way to a flower shop.

As Giovanni ran down the street leading to the tenement, he felt as though he must be dreaming. Back to school again, no more make-believe roses, steady work, good times at the mission, help for Gustavia's eyes, and better days for them all—it just couldn't be true! But it *was* true, and he grasped more tightly the long pasteboard box—the box full of roses real and roses red.

4. Service activities.

Is it not part of our work in helping to make "Better Americans" to carry some beauty into the lives of those who are shut off from it, or who are shut in so that they are lonely? What can we do about it?

Preparing something beautiful for a shut-in in the local community, making picture books or mounting pictures for hanging, or making some bright-colored toy for children of a mission school may be thought of. Perhaps it would be advisable to use some of the group's money to buy seeds or bulbs for such a child as the story told us about.

To sum up the service activities already mentioned in regard to this lesson, they are:

- (1) Keeping the church beautiful.
- (2) Keeping one's own yard beautiful.
- (3) Keeping the street one lives on clean and orderly.
- (4) Taking care of public property.
- (5) Making a poster illustrating the hymn, "America the Beautiful."
- (6) Preparing something beautiful, as picture books, flowers, postcards, or toys, to send to boys and girls whose condition of life shuts them off from things that are beautiful.

5. Preparation for next session.

Make plans also for a poster conveying the thoughts of this lesson, perhaps illustrating "America the Beautiful."

Suggest that during the coming week the children hunt for names of artists, musicians, architects, or poets who have added to America's beauty and so are among our peace-time heroes. It will be found that we are indebted to people of several nationalities for this.

Ask the pupils to find out during the week how the Indians carried on trade (or bought and sold).

6. Prayer.

7. Dramatization.

SIXTH SESSION

GETTING AND USING MONEY

AIM: To lead the pupils to draw certain conclusions in regard to right ways of getting and spending money and to make plans for the group to earn money for a good cause, which at this time may be the work of the Home Missionary Society, and to influence others to give generously to worthy enterprises.

1. Expressional work.

POSTERS

Remind the class of the purpose of these meetings—to find out how to make a “Better America” and to get other people to help. Be sure that they remember that the making of the posters is a part of our plan for carrying out this purpose. The educational posters will probably need to be finished this week and perhaps some may begin the posters illustrating last week’s lesson.

ROLL OF HONOR

Get reports from the children and add names.

2. Song. “America the Beautiful.”

3. Approach to the lesson.

Call for reports on how the Indians carried on trade and then, showing a bill or a piece of money, proceed as follows:

What is it? What is it for? How did people come to use it? In time, people found it necessary to adopt symbols of value in buying and selling instead of actually exchanging goods, and money is a symbol of value adopted by our government. We get this (*referring to the money*) by giving something of equal value. By giving this, we can get something of equal value. Money stands for an exchange of values. Why does your father

work? At some regular time, at the end of the week or a month, your father or the person who supports you, is paid a certain amount of money for his work. He has given his labor, his time, his strength, and his skill to his employer; in return, his employer gives him money.

The storekeeper can give your father groceries or shoes or clothes, or whatever he wishes, and in return, your father gives the storekeeper money which he has earned by working. Or perhaps your mother is the one who does the buying. In either case, it is the family money which has been earned. Then the grocery man can take the money which he has earned and give some of it to the keeper of the shoe store who, in turn, will give the grocery man a pair of shoes, and so it goes—the shoe man will go to the clothing store, etc.

So, you see, if one of us wishes something from another, our custom is to give a fair amount of money in exchange for it—value for value. Therefore, if I have twenty-five cents, it should mean that in order to get it I have given something that according to our government's standards is worth twenty-five cents. I have given value for value.

4. Development of the lesson.

DISCUSSION: HOW TO GET MONEY

(1) *What are the right ways of getting money?*

Write the above question on the blackboard and allow the children to think out the answer, basing it on the various ways they themselves get money, which may include the following suggestions: (a) As a gift from parents, (b) By earning it.

If money is given to you *as a gift from parents* remember that somebody earned it. We have said that a worker gives labor and his employer gives money in

return. By that system they are giving value for value. What can you do to make yourself deserving of money which your parents give you or which they spend in supporting you; that is, how can you give value for value?

Point out that boys and girls have a great deal more given to them than they can possibly earn, because they are children; but if they do to the best of their ability the things which boys and girls can do in return for benefits received, they will make themselves worthy of these benefits.

How many in this group will agree to help in the work of the home as much as they can without pay as their way of earning the right to have clothes, food, shelter, and pleasure which the family money buys?

Now let us discuss the point of *earning money*.

Often it is recommended that children earn money by doing errands for neighbors. The author suggests that such a recommendation be made with some reservations because doing errands offers such a choice opportunity to practise neighborly helpfulness. A family of three children known to the author persistently and consistently refuse to take money from a neighbor for doing an errand. Ask your group to discuss frankly the question, Shall I accept pay for doing errands for my neighbors? The discussion may be opened by stating a case, such as:

A woman left her eyeglasses at a friend's house. The friend asked her son to take them to her. He did so, and the woman who owned the glasses offered him ten cents for his trouble. The boy would not take it. Do you like him for that? Why do you like him better for refusing the money than you would if he had taken it?

Occasionally, however, it is legitimate to do errands for pay. A neighbor may definitely engage a child to do errands regularly, or the errand may not be an emergency service but one deliberately planned. In such cases one

would be justified in looking upon the work as opportunities for earning money.

(2) *What are wrong ways of getting money?*

The discussion on this point may include stealing, cheating, or any way that does not give fair value in exchange.

Kunigunda

A STORY¹

By Ruby Elizabeth Viets

Kunigunda Savilonis left her soap-box cart in the gutter and ran up the rickety stairs to the room she called home. In her hand she carried an empty burlap bag, which she flung down before her aunt.

"I'll not do it! I can't! I won't!" she sobbed.

The woman at the cook-stove stopped putting pieces of cabbage into a steaming kettle and turned to stare at her. "Can't? Won't?" she questioned in Polish.

"No. I walk long way. I see plenty apple, pear, grape, over the fence and in the yard, but I just can't steal them."

"Steal? Who told you to steal?"

The girl was silent.

"I told you to go out and fill your bag and your little cart," said the woman, slowly. "All the children in the neighborhood do as much. Borowskie will buy everything they bring."

A dull red crept over Kunigunda's face. "The children steals the things," she said.

"Again you talk of stealing!" cried her aunt. "Do you want the police in the house? I don't call it stealing to pick up fruit that is out doors in plain sight. Don't ever tell me where you get your stuff. If people give it to you, all the better. Take as much as you can, only don't get caught!"

¹ Reprinted from "Here and There Stories," published by The Department of Missionary Education of the Congregational Education Society.

"I can't do it," said Kunigunda, stubbornly.

"You're lazy!" shouted the woman, pushing her away. "You want me to feed you for nothing. You won't raise a finger to—"

"It isn't that. I—"

"Don't say another word," interrupted the aunt. "Things have come to a pretty pass when children know more than their elders. If this is what comes of living in America, I wish we'd never come. Bring me some stuff to sell to Borowskie, or I will whip you. I'll teach you to obey me!"

Kunigunda did not move. "If I earn some money—" she began.

Her aunt laughed. "And how is a clumsy little Polish girl to earn money except in the mill? I'd send you there in a minute if you were old enough, but the police would come around and say you must go back to school. Tell me, now, where do you hope to earn money?"

"I don't know," sobbed Kunigunda.

"Well," shouted her aunt, "get out of my sight! Don't dare show me your face again until you bring your cart full."

Kunigunda stumbled down the stairs. In the street she met her best friend, Mamie Lempicka, who was dragging a soap-box cart, similar to her own.

"Come on," cried Mamie Lempicka. "I've got to get busy. Let's go up the avenue together."

Kunigunda picked up the tongue of her cart and the two started off. They were in the same grade at school, went to the little mission Sunday school together, and often told each other secrets. For awhile they trundled their carts along in silence.

"What you been crying for?" asked Mamie, after a few minutes.

"My aunt tell me to fill my cart," answered Kunigunda.

"Well, why don't you?"

Kunigunda hesitated. "It's stealing," she said in a low voice.

"Ho, ho," laughed Mamie, "you used to do it before you began going to Sunday school."

Kunigunda was silent.

"You believe everything Miss Helen tells us, don't you?" went on Mamie, in a superior tone.

"What if I do?" retorted Kunigunda. "I like her."

Mamie tossed her head. "Oh, I like her well enough and I like the stories she tells and the parties she gives, but I'm not silly enough to do everything she says."

Kunigunda said nothing. She half wished she had not come with Mamie. After a while they turned into a quiet street arched with elms. On either side were hedges and through open gates they caught glimpses of cozy houses, surrounded by gardens and fruit trees.

"Here's a good chance!" whispered Mamie. "There's no policeman in sight and won't be. Just watch me!"

She left her cart in the street and darted across a bit of green lawn to a pear tree. Kunigunda watched her as she began rapidly to fill her bag. She saw Mamie glance once in a while toward the house, as if she expected to be driven away.

Suddenly a window was raised and a white-haired lady put her head out. "Little girl," she called, "if you want some pears to eat, come to the door and I will give you some."

Mamie Lempicka paid no heed. The lady at the window grew angry. "Stop stealing my pears!" she cried. "Don't you know any better than to take what doesn't belong to you?"

Mamie thrust three or four more into her bag and scampered toward the gate.

Kunigunda was waiting for her with flaming cheeks. "You're just a common thief!" she cried.

"You're a goody-goody-goody!" jeered Mamie, dumping the fruit into her cart. "You needn't run around with me if you don't want to."

"Well, I don't want to!" cried Kunigunda, starting to run back down the street.

She could hear Mamie Lempicka calling after her as she turned the corner, "'Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat! You're afraid the cop'll get you!"

"I'm not either," muttered Kunigunda, as she walked up the avenue. She dragged her feet along slowly, for she dreaded to

go back to her aunt. An automobile sped past. In it were three or four laughing girls. One of them reminded her of Miss Helen, her teacher at the Mission Sunday school. Kunigunda knew where she lived, for the whole class had been invited to her house to a party. I'll go over and see if she is at home," thought Kunigunda. "Perhaps she can tell me where I can earn some money."

She ran all the way and was out of breath when she stood in the wide hall. "I want to find a place to work," she whispered when Miss Helen came down. "I can wash dishes and scrub floors and sweep and iron my own dresses," she added, proudly.

Miss Helen talked with her awhile and finally went in to the telephone. When she came back she said, "I have an unusual chance for you. Mrs. Dow would like to have a little girl come in every night after school and a few hours on Saturday to wash dishes and help her in other ways. She is very particular and you must do your best to please her. She will pay one dollar a week."

Kunigunda was radiant.

"We will go over there together," went on Miss Helen. "She says you may begin to help her today."

A few hours later a very tired but happy Kunigunda burst in upon her aunt. "You say you get one dollar next Saturday?" questioned the woman. "Well, I will wait and see. You must bring me every penny of it. If you don't, I shall know that you are lying about your new place or that you have spent some for yourself. If, after all your talk, you don't bring me that dollar, I will beat you so hard that you will learn never to fool me again. Remember!"

At last, Saturday morning came. The week had been a busy one, but when the great piles of sticky dishes had almost dampened her enthusiasm, Kunigunda had said over and over to herself, "I will work hard. The dollar will be mine, and my aunt will not make me steal." Kunigunda found Mrs. Dow expecting guests. She washed the breakfast dishes and helped dust. Then she watched with pleased interest as Mrs. Dow took down beautiful cups, saucers, and plates bordered all around with pink

roses. "This is my best Haviland china," said Mrs. Dow. "I would not trust it to you if I were not very busy. Dust it, but be sure not to drop a single piece."

Kunigunda was very clumsy. She tried to be careful, but before she knew it, one of the saucers had slipped from her fingers. It fell, breaking into a dozen pieces. Mrs. Dow jumped as if she had been shot. She was angry with the child, but she did not stop to consider that it was partly her own fault.

"You naughty, careless girl!" she screamed.

Kunigunda trembled. She bent over to pick up the fragments, but Mrs. Dow pushed her aside. "If you are to work for me," she scolded, "you must learn to be careful. That saucer cost fifty cents and it will be a lot of bother to replace. You may pay for it out of the dollar you have earned this week. I hope one lesson will be enough."

Kunigunda looked stunned. Then, as she realized what she had done, her eyes filled with tears. She brushed them hastily away, but she could not get the sense of awful calamity out of her mind. What would her aunt say? Worse, yet, what would her aunt do? She knew only too well that she would not believe the story of the broken dish—even if she did, she would blame Kunigunda cruelly for being so careless.

The rest of the morning dragged. Shortly after eleven, the guests arrived. They had hardly taken off their things when the iceman came for his pay. Kunigunda was sweeping the kitchen when Mrs. Dow hurried in with her pocket-book. She opened it with a jerk and a quantity of loose change scattered over the floor. All three scrambled wildly after it.

"I'm sure I have every piece now," said Mrs. Dow, very red in the face. "You couldn't have come in at a worse time."

"I'll be busy with my guests for half an hour," she added to Kunigunda. "I'll come out and pay you then."

When Kunigunda was left alone, she sat down and began to think of the broken saucer. She was very tired and very unhappy, too. "Fifty cents!" she said over and over to herself. "I told my aunt that I would bring home a dollar. She will say I am lying. She will beat me." She remembered other cruel

beatings her aunt had given her when she was angry. She was very, very miserable.

Suddenly she spied something under the table. She sat up very straight. Yes, it was a piece of money. She pounced upon it. She turned it over in her hand. It was a fifty-cent piece! "Mrs. Dow didn't notice it," she thought. "She said she had picked up every bit."

Slowly, she walked to the middle of the floor. She stood still and listened. A faint murmur could be heard through the closed doors. Mrs. Dow was talking to her guests.

"Fifty cents is what I need," she thought. "I could slip it into my coat pocket and no one would ever know."

She took a step toward the back-hall door. Out there on a hook hung her coat. She hesitated. "The money belongs to Mrs. Dow," said something inside her. "She will never miss it," said something else.

Kunigunda stood still. She thought of her aunt's anger. Then she thought of Mamie Lempicka. Crowding both out came Miss Helen and the lessons she had learned at Sunday school. Kunigunda's face grew pale, but very resolutely she walked to the table and laid the money on it in plain sight.

"It is better to be beaten than to steal," she said under her breath.

Half an hour later, Kunigunda went out into the street. She knew what awaited her at home, but in her heart there burned a strange, new joy.

"I had my chance," she whispered.

GAME

Suggest the playing of an active game at this point for purpose of relaxation, afterwards they may discuss the right ways of spending money.

DISCUSSION: HOW TO USE MONEY

In this discussion lead the children to draw certain conclusions in regard to right ways of spending money; to see that some

should be spent for ourselves—for our needs and for our pleasures—and some should be spent for others; that we should plan the spending of our money, not spend it thoughtlessly; that some should be saved for future expenditures.

Benjamin Franklin related the following experience which he had when he was a boy:

The story may be related in the first person, or it may be read, since it is much more effective in the author's own language.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle in the hands of another boy, whom I met by the way, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle."

What lesson do you think Benjamin Franklin learned from that experience?

Lead to the general statement that he learned to be careful how he spent his money—to think before he spent.

That makes me wonder whether you and I spend our money as wisely as we can. Suppose I gave each of you a dollar, what would you do?

If someone answers, "Save it," ask, "Why?" Lead the group to see that if they save, it should be for some particular purpose,

not for the sake of hoarding money. The latter develops a miserly spirit, the former contributes to one's worth as a citizen. Comment upon whatever other answers are made and guide the discussion to the ideas of thinking before spending and spending for most important things first.

Can you think of any other rules we might make to guide us in using our money right?

The following incidents may help the group to conclude that a part of our money should be spent for others.

A little girl who was an orphan and was cared for by an aunt while her younger sister, Viola, lived with another relative, was given a pocketbook containing a dollar bill. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed, upon seeing the money, "now I can buy a doll for Viola!"

Which child would you like better, that little girl who thought of making her sister happy, or one who, upon receiving a dollar, would spend it all on herself?

A boy was given some money and went down town to spend it. On coming home, his mother was quite proud of him when she saw that while he had bought some things for himself, he also had purchased something for his home—a new coal shovel, for he had noticed that one was needed.

Could citizens who had the generous and thoughtful spirit which this girl and boy showed be called "Better Americans"?

On the blackboard write:

HOW TO USE MONEY

Think before you spend.

Spend it first for most important things.

Spend a fair amount for your own pleasures.

Save for some particular purpose.

5. Service activities.

Can we use these ideas in our enterprise of helping to make "Better Americans" and getting others to help?

It may be planned to include in the exhibit some posters suggesting right ways of getting and spending money. Further, refer to the surplus supplies the group has planned to send to a mission school, and then lead the children to see that in addition to these materials the schools need money for buildings, furnishings, fuel, and salaries of missionaries. In response to the question, Can we help to get these things? the following possibilities may be considered:

- (1) Charging admission to the play.
- (2) Setting up a box in which free-will offerings may be placed for the cause.
- (3) Contributing to the group fund for home missions money earned by saving and selling newspapers and in other ways. In connection with this point it will need to be remembered that no child in a family has a right simply to take the the family papers and sell them for his own purpose. Remind the pupils that other members of the family have some claim upon the papers and the money obtained from their sale, and ask, "What shall we do about it?" The children may think of enlisting the interest of the whole family in this enterprise so that they will be willing to give their share also, or they may find it necessary to divide the proceeds of the sale. The boys and girls may also collect newspapers from the members of the church.
- (4) Saving from personal allowances.
- (5) Practising self-denial by staying away from movies or going without candy.
- (6) Giving regularly to missions through the church school's duplex envelopes.

6. Song.

7. Prayer.

8. Preparation for next session.

Ask the pupils to read during the week the story of the Bell of Atri.¹ Or, have a child tell that story now. Ask which one of God's laws was disobeyed by one man in that story and obeyed by others. Almost any junior can find this story in a school book or in the public library, and it is one with which they should be acquainted. Suggest that after reading the story they notice in what ways that law is obeyed in their own town. Announce that the next lesson will be about that law.

9. Dramatization.

¹ To be found in the collection entitled, *Fifty Famous Stories Retold* by James Baldwin. American Book Co., New York. 35 cents.

SEVENTH SESSION

JUSTICE

AIM: To lead the pupils to determine to practise God's law of justice.

1. Song. "America the Beautiful."

2. Service activities.

Continue unfinished handwork of last week.

3. Song. "God Send Us Men."

4. Approach to the lesson.

Call for reports on the reading and investigation the pupils were to do during the week.

5. Development of the lesson.

The Horseback Lady

A STORY¹

Sookie sat very still. She really didn't dare to move, for fear she should wake up and find that it was only a dream. How glad she was that Kentucky had spied the bright, new dime in the pile of rubbish behind the mill! Kentucky, her big brother, was twelve years old. Sookie herself was only eight. They both worked every day in the big brown cotton mill, with Paw and Maw and Sister Nell, and hundreds of men and women, and boys and girls. When pay day came the children gave the money they had earned to Paw, who slipped it into a small canvas bag to save it "against the rent." But this bright, shiny dime Paw had said that Kentucky might keep for his very own. It was a late Saturday afternoon and he had taken Sookie to the "movies."

She had never been in such a wonderful place. The walls were red and gold, and the people inside the pictures kept mov-

¹ Reprinted from "Here and There Stories," published by The Department of Missionary Education of the Congregational Education Society.

ing about just as though they were alive. At first it was all so queer that she was frightened, and almost cried. But Kentucky told her that it was nothing but a lot of pictures in a big machine, and when he held her hand she felt quite safe.

Ever since she could remember Sookie had lived in a cabin in the heart of the Carolina mountains. Paw had cut down the trees long ago and cleared the land of rocks for a vegetable garden. Nell and Sookie had a flower plot, about three feet square, which was gay in summer time with marigolds and larkspur, grown from sample seeds which had come with a seed catalogue.

The pine cabin was very tiny, indeed. It had only one window and was dark and stuffy inside. You would have thought it very ugly, I am sure, with the odds and ends of furniture, and the walls so plain and bare, with no wallpaper or pictures. But it was home to Sookie, and she had been happy there.

About a month before Paw had sold the spotted cow and the hens, which were Sookie's especial pets, and the whole family had left the mountains and moved to the big mill town in the valley. The tenement house, where they now lived, was very dirty, and tipped as though it might fall over on its side some day. The air was always full of smoke and soot, and the sky was never blue, as it used to be in the mountains. Even the two or three trees on the road to the mill were half dead, and their leaves all brown and seared, drooped in a forlorn fashion.

There were people everywhere. Sookie had never supposed there were so many in the whole world. Yet she was lonely and homesick. Everything was so different, and not at all as she had expected. They were not getting rich, as the stranger who called at their cabin door in the mountains had promised them. Paw often came home late in the evening, and Maw, usually so cheery, sat occasionally by the window, looking down into the pile of tin cans and iron scraps, and cried softly.

But today Sookie was so excited that she forgot how tired her hands were, and how she had cried herself to sleep the night before. The pictures were so wonderful! One showed men killing each other in the trenches "over there." Sookie clutched Kentucky's hand tightly. Then it grew dark, and she could see

only a great field of wounded men, and others lying very still. Several of the soldiers knelt as if praying. A girl at a piano in the front of the room sang softly. "Joan of Arc, they are calling you," were the only words Sookie could hear clearly, and she had no idea of their meaning. Suddenly a bright light appeared in the sky, and a lady wearing a dress all covered with what looked to Sookie like shiny tin pans came dashing along on a pure white horse. Sookie had never seen any one with such beautiful eyes. Dismounting she ran lightly toward the soldiers, knelt beside those who were injured, bandaged their wounds, and gave them water to drink.

Other pictures whirled by, one after another, automobiles speeding along country roads, and railway trains turning sharp curves. But when the show was over, and the crowd poured down the stairs and out into the dimly lighted street, Sookie could think of nothing but the war picture. "Is it true? Is the horseback lady real?" she asked Kentucky eagerly. "I guess it's only a picture," Kentucky answered. "Come on, Sis, it's dark and Maw'll be a-frettin'!"

It was half-past four the following morning. Poor Sookie sat on the edge of her bed, rubbing her eyes again and again to keep them open—she was so sleepy! She wondered if there was anybody in the world who would like to be awakened every morning by a sharp, piercing whistle, at *half-past four*. Sookie and her sister dressed by candle-light, and ate a few mouthfuls of breakfast. Then the whole family stumbled sleepily down the stairs and out into the street to join the dark stream of people who were climbing the hill toward the great brown mills, from whose chimneys volumes of black smoke were pouring.

Kentucky went to his room, where he stood all day in a narrow space between huge machines, taking spools of cotton thread off the frames, and putting back empty ones. Nell and Sookie were both "spinners." They had to reach over and tie broken threads, as the great looms moved back and forth. Every now and then the air would be full of showers of white lint. When it got into Sookie's nose and eyes, it made her choke and cough.

She was usually quick at her work, but this morning she was

so tired and dizzy, that the threads which were being spun into cotton cloth looked all alike. As the hands of the clock on the wall moved toward eleven, Sookie felt that she could not stay a minute longer in the hot, steaming room.

"Brace up, kid—no place for loafers around here!" the floor boss spoke gruffly, as he touched her shoulder on his way down the aisle. For a half hour longer she worked steadily, then as she reached across to tie a knot, her fingers slipped. She tried to snatch them away, but not before a sharp pain shot through her body way to the tips of her toes. The roar of the machinery sounded like thunder. The whole room seemed to turn red, then suddenly everything was black.

It was a week later. Sookie lay tossing about on her straw cot. As there was no screen in the window the room was full of flies. They buzzed about Sookie's pale thin face. They crawled slowly in a long black line on the window sill. Nell was trying to beat them off with a folded newspaper. Sookie's right hand was wrapped in a cotton bandage, for two of her fingers had been cut off that last morning in the mill. The young doctor whom the "boss" called, had attended to her hand, given her mother medicine to put on when dressing it, and had warned her to keep the hand and the bandages clean. Although Maw had tried to obey the doctor she did not know how to take care of Sookie as your mother would have done, and this afternoon Sookie felt as though her whole arm was "on fire."

Her head began to feel very queer, as though there were lots of little wheels whirling around inside. She thought she was a soldier lying in the trenches out in a big field under the open sky. She sat up in bed so quickly that Nell was startled. "I want the horseback lady!" she cried. Then she was back again in the little cabin in the mountains, and she longed, oh! so much, for one of the flowers in the garden plot. "Nell," she pleaded, "go fetch me a posie!"

"Oh, Sookie, lie still, darlin', you're jest a-dreamin'-like. I can't git no posies."

But Sookie kept begging—until Nell, who loved her baby sister dearly, felt she must find a flower *somewhere*. Where should

she go? She couldn't remember seeing a really, truly flower since they came to the big town.

Up and down the streets in various directions she walked, until she was very hot and tired, and almost ready to give up her search. At last she came to a corner where there was a small grey church. Beside it stood a house of the same color, and in front was a bit of green grass. Several red and yellow flowers grew on tall stalks on the other side of the grey picket fence. "Them'll jest tak' Sookie," Nell whispered joyfully, as she stood on tip-toe and leaned over. You must remember that Nell had never been to Sunday school, or even to day school in her life. She did not know it was stealing, for the flowers which bloomed on the mountain-side had belonged to everybody.

"Wait a minute, little girl!" she heard a sweet voice call, a trifle sadly. "Don't pull the flowers. Why didn't you come to the house and ask me for them? If every child who went by picked them as you are doing, there would soon be none left."

Nell stopped with her hand on a stalk, as a woman, dressed all in white, came toward the fence. She had a kind face and such beautiful eyes, that Nell felt no fear, and soon had told her all about their cabin in the mountains, the mill, and Sookie's accident. The lady gave Nell a few of the largest, choicest dahlias, and offered to go home with her to see Sookie. Together they climbed the steep stairs of the tenement. At sight of the flowers in Nell's hand, Sookie gave a cry of delight. Then she sat up in bed, exclaiming breathlessly, "It is— It is—the horseback lady! I knew she would come if I called hard enough!"

The home missionary's wife, for her husband preached in the grey church, which Nell had seen at the corner, with deft fingers did what she could to make Sookie more comfortable. When Paw and Maw returned from the mill she told them how ill Sookie really was, and that she must go to a hospital that evening. During Sookie's long sickness she proved an "angel of light" to the family. Very gently she told Paw and Maw that even though they were very poor, they must not let the children work in the mills.

Sookie is fat and rosy now. She and Nell and Kentucky go to the public school and are learning to read and write and "do

sums." Kentucky is a Boy Scout and has the time of his life drilling on Tuesday evenings. Nell is a member of a girls' sewing club, and has just finished a neat gingham dress, which she made "all by herself." And on Sunday they all go to the grey church on the corner.

DISCUSSION

(1) *Discovering justice as God's law.* Do you boys and girls think God intended people to live with no chance to see things that are beautiful? Why?

Show pictures of unjust living and working conditions.

What is wrong about these conditions? Which one of God's laws is being disobeyed in these pictures?

Direct the boys and girls to read *Micah* 6:8. If they first think of the law of kindness, suggest that if a playmate cheated in a game, they would call it something else besides unkind. Explain that "be fair" is another way of saying "do justly."

(2) *How the law of justice has been obeyed.* Justice means much the same as fair play; it means giving everybody their rights. Building tenement houses that are unfit for people to live in is much the same as cheating in a game. Should only a few people have things that are beautiful and enjoy fresh air and sunshine, or should everybody have that chance? That is one way of applying the law of justice.

Call for the story of Jacob Riis. If the group has not had this story in Sunday school, direct one pupil to find out about Jacob Riis during the week and report at the next meeting.

Perhaps you remember the little incident of John's father who wanted to come to a country where he could have plenty of work and fair pay for his work. Now it happens that there are some employers who do not give

fair pay for work that is done, and those men are not helping America to be a place for "Better Americans" to grow in. But there are some splendid noble men just like the kind of men we prayed for in our song, "God Send Us Men," and I am going to tell you about such a man.¹

About twenty years ago there was a man in Toledo who owned and managed a somewhat strange factory. His name was Samuel M. Jones. The strange thing about this factory, in which oil-well machinery was made, was that he tried to run it in accordance with the Golden Rule.

A notice was posted at the entrance of the building where everyone who entered could see it. The notice read, "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them."

Most people laughed when they first saw that sign. They said, "The Acme Sucker-Rod Company (that was the name of Mr. Jones' Company) must be crazy." They did not believe that the Golden Rule would work. "If you attempt to treat your workmen fairly," they said, "they will take advantage of you. They will come late to work in the morning. They will cheat you by loafing and by doing careless work."

But Mr. Jones really believed in the teachings of Jesus. He always kept a copy of the New Testament on his desk at the factory. His favorite stories were from the Gospels, especially the stories about Jesus' love for the common people. So he set out to try Jesus' ideas in his own business. Soon this strange factory with the strange notice posted at the entrance began to be talked about all over Toledo, and Mr. Jones came to be known as "Golden Rule Jones."

In carrying out his ideas, he soon found that they would mean greater changes than even he himself had realized. At first his plan, no doubt, was simply to be kind to the men. He was courteous to them. They were not abused with profane or insulting language. Even if an employee seemed lazy, he was not

¹ From *Stories of Brotherhood*. See Reference Materials.

immediately discharged, but was warned in a friendly way that he must do better. Often such a man was given a chance at a different kind of work, and often, too, the man made good. In this same spirit, each employee received at Christmas, year by year, a "bonus," or present in addition to his regular wages.

But as Mr. Jones kept on asking himself, How would I like to be treated if I were a worker in this factory? he came to see that there were other matters more important than Christmas presents. First of all, a man wants to be treated justly. Justice must come before kindness, and workmen then, as now, were being treated unjustly in many ways by many employers. For example, suppose a man should be caught by a flying belt and lose his arm; this would mean to him not only terrible suffering and a large doctor's bill; it would mean he would never again be able to go back to his old work. He might never again be able to find any kind of job. How, then, would his wife and children be supported? There have been thousands of such pitiful accidents in the factories of America, and in most cases it has meant that the injured man and his family had to move into a cheaper and less comfortable house while the mother and sometimes even the boys and girls went out and earned what they could. But is that fair? Even if the man had been careless, and so partly to blame for the accident, are we not all careless sometimes? We are not always alert, especially late in the day when we are tired.

Mr. Jones thought that it was most unjust to let so severe a punishment come upon any workman on account of one moment of carelessness, so he insured all his men against accidents. If any of them should be hurt, he could at least be sure that their children would not starve. In many states there are now laws requiring all employers to protect their workmen in this way. But there were few such laws in Mr. Jones' time. He was simply following the Golden Rule.

Another way in which Mr. Jones practised the Golden Rule was by hiring no children in his factory. Boys and girls, he said, should be outdoors at play or else in school, not bending over a machine for long tedious hours each day. Very many owners of factories and mines have been thoughtless or cruel

about this. Hundreds of thousands of children have been hired because they could be obtained for less money. Many a boy eight years old or even younger has had to crawl out of bed at five o'clock on dark winter mornings at the call of the factory whistle, to earn money for the family. Laws have now been passed limiting the work of boys and girls in factories, but in those days Mr. Jones could have hired them if he had wished.

But why do fathers and mothers let their children work long hours, as they still do in the sugar-beet fields, cotton fields, and many other places? It is not that they are cruel, but because they need money to buy food or clothing or coal, or to pay the rent. Even if the father has a job, often his wages are so low that he cannot earn enough to live on. So, if the children are not to work, the fathers must be paid higher wages.

Every man who owns a business has a chance to be just or unjust as he wishes. However, citizens as a whole have had laws passed which compel employers to respect some of the rights of the workers and to give them justice in certain matters.

For instance, some kinds of work are very dangerous, such as coal-mining, work that is done by machinery, and the erection of tall buildings. In coal mines there are sometimes cave-ins and explosions in which some of the miners lose their lives. In factories many a time a worker has caught his arm in a whirling belt and had it amputated. In factories, too, the work done often produces dust and that dust, which may come from steel or from felt or other materials, is breathed into the workman's lungs and in time robs him of his health.

Citizens discovered that many of the accidents in mines and factories were unnecessary and unjust. Inventors set to work and found that they could make devices to protect the lives of the workmen, and then the citizens succeeded in having state laws passed to make it safe for men to do certain kinds of work which are by nature

dangerous. This is one way in which God's law of justice is obeyed.

There is an interesting story about matches which shows how the law of justice works.¹

Matches used to be made of phosphorus. The effect of this substance on the workers who handled it was very bad. It caused a terrible disease of the jaw, which was known as "phossy jaw." Now some ingenious person discovered a new way of making matches, which did not require phosphorus, and which, therefore, would not give the workers the "phossy jaw." This new method was patented, and the patent was bought by the Diamond Match Company, so that no one else had a right to make or sell this new kind of match. As time went on, the story of the sufferings of match workers became known. It seemed unjust that so many men and women should have their lives spoiled that we might have matches with which to light our fires, especially when there was another less dangerous way of making matches. So during President Taft's term of office, a bill was brought before Congress prohibiting the use of phosphorus in matches. The chief objection to this bill was the fact that the Diamond Match Company owned the patent on the new method and if this law should be passed, all the other companies would have to go out of business. But just at this time the Diamond Match Company came forward with one of the fairest and most generous acts ever done by a business firm. They announced that they would give up their patent and the special rights which it gave them. Nothing would then hinder all match companies from using the safer method. So the law was immediately passed, and that was the end of "phossy jaw" in America.

(3) *How boys and girls can obey the law of justice.* These are ways in which men and women have helped to get God's law of justice obeyed. When you are grown perhaps you will do even greater things. However, it is

¹ From *Stories of Brotherhood*. See Reference Materials.

not necessary for you to wait until you are men and women; you can defend other people's rights now while you are boys and girls. Can you think of any opportunities you may have to do that?

Let the boys and girls think and suggest. The following questions will assist them in their thinking or supplement their suggestions:

(a) Would you put on your Roll of Honor the name of a boy or girl who did something wrong and allowed somebody else to take the blame?

(b) Would you put on that Roll of Honor the name of a boy or girl who said things about another person that were not true?

(c) Whom would you choose to play in your game, a good player whose parents came from a different country from yours (*the leader may name a particular country choosing one that is not represented in the group*), or a poor player whose parents came from the same country as yours?

(d) How are you helping to establish justice through your work for the Home Missionary Society?

6. Expressional work.

To the ROLL OF HONOR add names suggested and discussed by the boys and girls.

Plan for next week's POSTERS.

7. Dramatics.

Continue preparations for the play. Plan for making and selling tickets, and appoint a committee to have charge of the business connected therewith.

8. Prayer.

9. Preparation for next session.

Show a picture of "The Angelus." If possible, give one to each child. (A Perry or Brown print.) Ask the members to write briefly, during the week, on the topic, "The Story that this picture tells me." Suggest that they notice every detail of the picture before writing their story.

EIGHTH SESSION

REVERENCE

AIM: *To develop an attitude of reverence.*

1. Expressional work.

ROLL OF HONOR

Add names of "Better Americans" suggested and discussed by boys and girls.

POSTERS

Work on posters appealing for justice and the work of the Home Missionary Society.

Discuss any business connected with the exhibit and play.

2. Song.

3. Approach to the lesson.

Think for a moment how far we have progressed in our apprenticeship.

Look over posters already made and from them review points in making "Better Americans" learned from lessons of preceding weeks.

I want you today to think about a feeling which is very necessary for us to have before we or our country or any country can be truly strong and help to make the world a better place in which to live. It is a feeling without which we could not be truly noble.

Some things are so fine and noble or stand for something so beautiful and good that if we think aright, they become sacred to us. What is the feeling we have for things that are sacred to us? We cannot speak lightly or carelessly of, or act roughly or disrespectfully toward, things which we hold in reverence. Reverence is what we are to think about today. To help you to think toward

what we should have this feeling of reverence, I will tell you some stories.

4. Development of the lesson.

David and His Mighty Men

A STORY

King David had many loyal followers who would face any enemy or danger for him. This of course was because they had found him as brave and loyal as he would ask any of his warriors to be. He always led his men in battle, fearlessly facing dangers that must be faced, and his soldiers gladly followed his lead. At one time David was besieged in the Cave of Adullam. A strong garrison of Philistines, his enemies, held the town of Bethlehem and made their attacks from there. In the cave there was no chance to get a drink of water and as the hours wore away and the siege kept up, the king became very thirsty. His throat became so dry he could scarcely speak or swallow and he thought of a well of delicious, cool, fresh water by the gate of Bethlehem. He longed for a drink of that water and then, thinking about it, he was heard to say, "Oh, that someone would give me water to drink from the well of Bethlehem!"

Now David was really just thinking how wonderful it would be at this time to have a drink from that well—he would not think of asking one of his men to get it for him, for to do so would bring him right under the enemy's fire and it would seem impossible for anyone to reach the well alive.

But three of David's mighty men had heard the king's wish for water and saying nothing, they ran out of the cave, made their way across the land, broke through the ranks of the enemy, and drew water from the well of Bethlehem. Stealthily they made their way back again to the cave and stood before King David.

"What is this?" said the king.

"Water from the well of Bethlehem, my lord," replied one of the mighty men. "Drink, my lord, and be refreshed."

But David did not drink. He held the cup reverently in his

hand and as he thought of the danger those men had faced to gratify his wish for a drink of water, that water seemed to him like a sacred thing, and he said: "Far be it from me to drink this water, for at the risk of your lives have you brought it. I will pour it out as a thank-offering to the Lord."

DISCUSSION

(1) *Reverence for noble deeds.* For just a moment put yourself in David's place. Try to imagine how he felt when the soldiers offered him that water. The kind of feeling David had then was reverence—reverence for what? (*It was not for the water, but for the noble and heroic deed.*)

On the blackboard write: Have reverence for what? Underneath, write, at the children's suggestion: 1. For heroic deeds.

Why do we have Memorial Day? Why do we erect statues to men like Horace Mann? Because we have a feeling of reverence for what these people have done for us. For that reason one would never think of making a scar of any kind on a statue or monument.

(2) *Reverence for parents.* There are other kinds of reverence, too. Find in the Bible *Proverbs* 6:20; 30:17; *Exodus* 20:12.

In the case of the first two references it may be pointed out that the admonition to honor our fathers and mothers is the same as telling us to reverence them, for obedience is one way of showing reverence. The last reference needs considerable interpretation, as Juniors are not very familiar with figures of speech. "Mocketh" may be interpreted as meaning "talking back" or being in any way discourteous. Discuss this scripture to some extent with the children and with their cooperation make a list of ways for us to show reverence to our parents.

(3) *Reverence for Nature.* We have at other meetings looked at pictures of scenery in our country and

have seen some beautiful trees. It takes an ordinary tree years to grow its full size. The sequoia trees of California are more than a thousand years old. Why do we have a feeling of reverence when we see such trees? Our government, feeling that way toward them, established a national park enclosing those trees to make sure no one would destroy them. The American Magazine once published an article about trees in which the following was related:¹

When John Davey, the greatest "tree man" in this country, was addressing an audience in Charlotte, North Carolina, a few years ago, someone asked him how much a tree was worth. Mr. Davey answered the question by asking another:

"How much would the people of this town take for the four beautiful white oaks in front of the Greater Charlotte Club? . . . Ten thousand dollars? . . . Would you take twenty thousand dollars?"

At each question there was a moment of thoughtful silence on the part of the audience, then a murmur of protest. Mr. Davey smiled and went on with his talk. Later, one of the business men of the town met him on the street.

"You asked if we would take twenty thousand dollars for those trees," he said. "I've been thinking about it ever since; and I want to say that we wouldn't take forty thousand dollars for them! In fact, I can't think of a figure that would express their value to us; because we could not replace them within our lifetime or the lifetime of our children!"

There are some people, however, who never notice a tree or anything else that is beautiful or wonderful, as the following incident will show you. In war time when every man wanted a garden plot if he could possibly obtain one, one man lent a part of his land to a neighbor who had none. On it was a tree, not a very large tree, but one that had several years' growth. The neighbor

¹ Reprinted by permission of *The American Magazine*.

when plowing his garden, thought the tree was in his way, so he cut it down.

Which would you rather be like, the man who would not sell four of his town's splendid trees for forty thousand dollars or the one who thought a tree of so small account that it could be cut down any time without even asking permission?

Read Joyce Kilmer's poem about trees beginning: ¹

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

(4) *Reverence for God.* Is it the tree itself toward which we feel reverent or the one who made it? Why do we feel reverent when we think of God's works? (*On the board, write "For God."*)

It is largely because of this feeling of reverence for God's work that we are urged not to pull up wild flowers by the roots, because thus we may destroy that which we cannot replace and which we wish to keep in the world. This feeling, too, should cause us to take care that we do not injure gardens or fruit trees.

Protecting the things which God has made, is not the only way to show reverence for him. In *Exodus* 20:7 we read this command, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

People who have a sense of fineness and nobility within them shudder if they hear God's name spoken carelessly or irreverently. (*Talk frankly about profanity.*)

How else can we show reverence for God?

Discuss reverence in the services of worship. Draw out from

¹ *Trees and Other Poems.* JOYCE KILMER. George H. Doran Co., New York. \$1.00.

the pupils reasons for showing reverence toward the church building. Point out that the church stands for God.

Should we treat reverently only our own church or should we treat in that way any building that stands for the service of God?

Tried by Fire

A STORY ¹

"Pa's just got through speaking, and the band is beginning to tune up." Roger glanced at the round-faced, nickel clock on the shelf, then gave an extra hard pound at a nail which persisted in going in crooked. "Say, Mary, don't you wish we were there, too?"

Mary, a pale-faced, freckled girl with straight tawny hair sat beside a crib in which lay a chubby, red-cheeked child. She stopped humming, and looked up, a little frown in the middle of her forehead. "Yes, and we might have gone if only Eva hadn't hurt her foot so, yesterday. And there won't be another Labor Day celebration for a whole year!"

"There," Roger held up triumphantly a small pine bracket. "See, isn't that a dandy? That's going over in the corner. Won't the house be fine when it is all fixed? Whew! It is hot all right. Let's go out on the steps."

He started for the open door, then turned back. "Why, it smells smoky! I'll go out and look around."

In a moment he came rushing up the steps. "Mary, Mary!" he screamed, "it's a fire on the prairie—there's so much smoke I can't tell how far off it is, but it's racing like mad. Come quick!"

Together they ran back of the little woodshed where they had a view for miles of the unbroken stretch of dull-brown prairie. "Oh, Roger!" Mary burst out, excitedly, "I can almost hear it crackling."

¹ Reprinted from "Here and There Stories," published by The Department of Missionary Education of the Congregational Education Society.

Roger put his hand protectingly on her shoulder. "No, Sis," he said, "it is far off yet. Maybe it won't come this way at all but," he held out his hand, "the wind is just right."

"What shall we do? If Father and Mother were only here! And all the neighbors have gone to Red River, too. Oh, Roger, I am so afraid!"

Roger did not answer, but clutched her shoulder tightly, and dug his bare toes into the sand.

"Will it burn our nice new house, and all our things and us, too? God wouldn't let it do that, would He, Roger?" she pleaded.

"But the church, Mary! We've got to save that somehow," and he looked across the dry grass to a brown wooden building with a tiny belfry.

"Oh, Roger, the fire is coming! We were alone at home. We thought maybe somebody would be here, and we've run all the way"—a voice called, breathlessly. A boy smaller and younger than Roger, the son of the nearest neighbor, living a half mile away, came running toward them, followed a few steps behind by his two sisters.

"All right, Jack, you can help," Roger said quickly. "Come on with me! I'll get the old plow and Bill. It's lucky Father left him home. It may do no good, but the men would do it if they were here."

The three girls stood scarcely moving, as they watched the dark-blue smoke which lifted now and then, revealing a reddish line beneath. Soon the boys came back, leading Bill, and dragging the plow behind them. Roger lifted Jack onto Bill's back, then turned to Mary. "You'd better get busy. Grace and Jane, you help, too, if you will. Get Pa's key. Leave Eva inside the church, and take over what small things you can!"

"But, Roger," Mary cried as she ran along beside him, "can't you plow around the house first?"

"No!" Roger spoke firmly. "There won't be time to do that and the church, too, I am afraid, and they aren't near enough to take both in. You know Father would say to save the church, for that is God's house. There isn't another for forty miles; he said so last Sunday. We can get along as we did before."

Roger's quick grasp of the situation put fresh courage into the

girls, and they hurried back and forth from the house to the church, carrying articles which were not too heavy. Eva was given her doll, and was placed in a pew of the dim, quiet church.

The soil was very dry. Roger had not realized that it would be so hard to hold the plow and break the furrows. A gust of wind brought now and then a wave of blinding smoke, and as time went on the heat became intense. After what seemed hours to Roger, the strip of furrows nearest the oncoming fire was at last finished, but that was only one side, and there were three more to be done. The pain in his arms shot up through his shoulders and he felt as though he could not hold on any longer. Jack pleaded to get down. Then thoughts of the children, the church, his father and mother on the road home, perhaps, flashed across his mind, and he prayed for help, as he had never done before. Putting his hands to the plow, he began the long stretch toward the east.

Suddenly he heard a quick trotting, as of horses' hoofs. They were coming nearer! Was God sending help so soon? He looked up eagerly, and the joy of the preceding moment left him. The two cowboys galloping along toward him he recognized as Jake Scott and Tim Jones, two of the worst rustlers in the neighborhood, whose reputation for drinking, raiding, and horse thieving was known for miles around. He felt quite sure that God hadn't sent them.

"Well, did you ever?" Jake spoke with a hoarse laugh. "A parcel of kids here all alone, and that fire coming like a race horse! Sonny, where's your preacher Dad? Off spouting somewhere, I'll bet. He'd better be at home, looking after—"

"Look!" Tim cried out, "The kid's plowing. He's a plucky one!"

"Why on earth didn't you plow round your house there, instead of the church?" Jake asked. Without waiting for an answer, he rolled up his sleeves, adding, "Here, turn to, Tim! Let's try the house." Seizing the horse's bridle, he turned his head about.

Roger felt helpless in the power of these rough men who did not understand. He bit his lip, and looking up bravely, said with all the courage he could muster, "If you won't help, please go away. There wasn't time to do both. This is our plow, and

our horse, and I mean to save the church, for it is God's house. Ours can burn."

The rustler looked squarely into Roger's flaming eyes, then felt himself yielding. "Here goes, sonny, you shall have your way. Come on, pard, we'll pitch in and help him—save the church!" and he laughed a loud, bitter laugh.

Hastily hitching up their broncos, they tackled the furrows with a force and energy which seemed almost miraculous to the tired Roger. Soon a broad row of furrows surrounded the church. But they did not finish a moment too soon, for showers of glowing sparks were falling all around them. Roger watched with a throbbing pain in his throat the tongues of flame leap out on the roof and break forth from the windows of their home. To his great relief, the fire line split when it reached the plowed land, and the flames swept on swiftly, leaving the square around the church unharmed. The men, their faces grimy with cinders and smoke, came down from the belfry where they had been watching the sparks on the roof. They slipped wearily into a pew. "It is nice and quiet-like in here," Tim observed.

Roger spoke huskily, "Thank you so much! We couldn't have done it alone." Then he added, shyly, "Won't you come some Sunday and hear Pa? He's a good preacher, folks say. He would be so pleased, and, of course, I'd like it."

"We'll see," Jake answered, "some day we may happen along. Mighty sorry about your house. If there had only been more time! Say, Tim," with a wink at the other, "we had better get away from here before the folks come back. Good luck to you, sonny!" and hastily jumping on their broncos, they rode slowly out of sight across the blackened, smoking fields.

It was an anxious, terror-stricken group of people who drew up at the church door a half an hour later. Crying softly, the mother clasped Eva in her arms. Mary clung to her, as she pointed to the little pile of familiar objects they had saved from the house.

The father, who had been listening to Roger's story, turned towards his wife, "We'll have to begin all over again, but we can praise God that the children are all alive and the church is safe, thanks to Roger. Jake Scott and Tim Jones have been

such a strong force against our work. Strange that they should be the ones to help!" he added, thoughtfully.

Gathering the family about him, he opened the Bible, and read the old words of the prophet Isaiah—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

A month had passed since the fire. The minister's family had been taken in kindly by Jack's father, and were living in crowded quarters in the small ranch house. They tried bravely to forget how pleasant the new home had been—the home for which they had planned and worked so long. The prospect of another seemed very far away, for the crops had been poor and the little band of church members could not do much to help.

"Here's a letter from New York!" Roger exclaimed one day in September, as he handed his father a long white envelope. "What is it? What makes you look so happy?" he asked a moment later as he watched a smile spread over his father's face.

"Just listen! It is from our Church Building Society," and he read: "We were deeply sorry to hear of the fire which destroyed your home, but were indeed grateful that the church was spared. A rather unusual letter has been recently received from two cowboys who state frankly that they have been opposed to your work, and have blocked it whenever possible, but that the grit and loyalty of your boy in his efforts to save the church made them feel that 'there was something in it.' They had heard of our organization, and appealed to us to grant a loan for a parsonage, promising that they would do their best to see that the loan was paid in the future. They added that they intended from now on to 'pitch in and help the preacher in his work.' We have several applications which we are considering, but as this case is so unusual, we have decided to grant the loan immediately. Shall be pleased to hear from you in regard to it."

The minister paused and looked at his wife, who was carefully wiping her glasses. Roger broke the silence by a sound which resembled an Indian war whoop. Suddenly he stopped. "I

guess God *did* send them along that day, after all," he said, joyfully.

Talk over possibilities for posters conveying the idea of reverence, to be made at the next meeting. State that next week we will discuss another way of showing reverence. Suggest that the boys and girls watch themselves through the week and see if they have any irreverent habits, and ask how many will agree to break themselves of such if they have them.

5. Dramatics.

Conduct a rehearsal for the play.

6. Prayer.

7. Preparation for next session.

Ask the pupils to think out and find out some laws of our city and be prepared to report about them at the next meeting.

NINTH SESSION

RESPECT FOR LAW

AIM: To continue the aim of last week by developing respect for law as one phase of reverence.

1. Expressional work.

Add names to the ROLL OF HONOR, continue POSTER work, and transact any necessary business related to enterprises already undertaken.

2. Approach to the lesson.

Look over and comment upon posters already made. Let one child go to the blackboard and write, as you wrote last week, "Reverence for what?" Let the other members of the group tell him what to write under it—this to recall points previously made. Recall also last week's statement that today you would find something else toward which you should be reverent.

3. Development of the lesson.

DISCUSSION

(1) *The purpose of laws.* How many of you play baseball, tennis, croquet, hare-and-hound, hide-and-seek (or any other group games)?

What are some of the rules for these games?

Why do they have rules?

The Leader will draw out the conclusion that in group playing rules are necessary for happiness and success. This will serve as a foundation for the discussion of laws in living together. Referring to the rules of games, continue the discussion thus:

Does this suggest to you why we have a government? The purpose of our government is to protect the rights of all the citizens and to do things for the good of all. Did you notice in last week's lesson how the citizens secured justice for the workers in our match factories?

If there is a wrong to be righted, the voters of our country may petition the government to have it made right. Then perhaps a law will be passed. After the law is passed, how does the government see that it is enforced? You see we have a plan for protecting the rights of citizens in an orderly way, by passing necessary laws and setting up courts. This is to protect the rights of good citizens from those who are unjust or dangerous.

Which would you rather have for a neighbor or friend, a person who manages himself so wisely and successfully that he does right of his own accord, or one who has to be compelled to do right by the court?

Why would that first kind of person be happier than the last?

How are the laws of our country made?

Are those who do not obey our laws good Americans or enemies of our country?

(2) *Liberty and Law.* Now and then someone who does not rightly understand the meaning of liberty and freedom, thinking that the government is unjust, tries to take revenge and to secure justice in some way other than the way of law, possibly by carrying a red flag in a parade or by planting an explosive bomb. Why that is sometimes done, the following story will show you:

A New Giant-Killer

A STORY ¹

By Ruby E. Viets

In the corner behind the cook stove was a wash-tub filled with cabbages, and Tom Sucoivitch was sitting on the cabbages. He would rather have been asleep, rolled up in his old quilt on the

¹ Reprinted from "Here and There Stories," published by The Department of Missionary Education of the Congregational Education Society.

kitchen table, but that was impossible, for a large keg of beer stood where he usually slept.

The room was filled with men and women talking very hard and very fast in Polish. They were angry and excited. They pounded the table with their fists. They uttered terrible oaths. They filled their tin mugs many times from the keg of beer.

Tom listened to what they were saying, for he understood Polish even better than English. One large man who was a stranger was talking louder than the rest. Tom did not like his looks.

"Strike!" shouted the man. "Leave the mills! You are cowards to work! Down with the rich! Tell them you want more money!"

The talking grew more heated. The air in the room grew closer. But in the midst of it all, Tom fell asleep on the pile of cabbages.

When he awoke, it was long after midnight. The neighbors had gone home, and the room was dark. Tom could hear the two boarders, Mike Miegievicz and Bronis Lempicka, breathing heavily upon their bed in the corner. Tom stretched his cramped legs and made his way to the table. The tin mugs were still there, and as he could not find his quilt, he returned to the stove and stretched himself on the floor.

For a long time he lay staring into the blackness. He thought over in Polish all that the men had said. They had declared that everyone in the city was against them. They had told how much they hated the owners of the mills, the store-keepers, the police, the schools, and the churches. They had talked about enemies and fighting. Tom remembered that Mike Miegievicz had been a soldier in Russia. Now he shovelled coal all day into one of the big furnaces at the largest mill. Tom liked Mike Miegievicz, for he could tell the most hair-raising stories about wolves and robbers. He could also play an accordion, which he did every summer evening upon the Sucoivitch's doorstep. Tom had noticed that Mike had been greatly excited by the stranger's words. He had shaken his great brawny arm in the air and had uttered many threats.

Tom turned over uneasily on the floor. He was the only one

in the house who could speak English. Suddenly he stopped thinking in Polish and began to think in English—the language he had learned at school. He thought about school. School was a beautiful place. There he had wonderful reading-books full of stories about brave knights and daring adventures. There he had wonderful teachers who made the people in the stories walk right out and talk. This year, his teacher was Miss Lewis. Tom liked her. He remembered, now, some of the things she had said about work, and the way their city was governed. Her words were not full of the hate the stranger had spoken of so freely.

"That big man is wrong," he said to himself. "The men did not hate everything so until he stirred them up. They do not know anything or they would not talk so. The people who owned the city when we came do not hate us. They have given us schools and libraries. The policemen keep robbers away. The men who own the mills give us a chance to work. We should not hate them."

Tom sat up on the floor. For the first time in his life, he felt sorry for Mike Miegiewicz, Bronis Lempicka, and all the rest.

"They do not know anything," he said over and over again to himself. "If they had only been to school here in America and could speak English, they would not hate all these other people so."

After a while he lay down and went to sleep again.

The sun was streaming through the dirty windows when he awoke. It was Sunday, and he knew the family would sleep until noon. He got up and tip-toed to the stone jar for a chunk of bread. Then he crept stealthily out of the room and down the creaking stairs. The day was his. Even his mother would not ask where he was until night. He sat down on the doorstep to eat his breakfast.

"Hello, there!" called a voice.

Tom looked up. There stood Jack Peters, puffing like a steam engine.

"Hello, Jack! What's up?" cried Tom, jumping to his feet.

"I'm up against it," laughed Jack. "You see, I go to a mission Sunday school around the corner and we have a contest on be-

tween the 'Reds' and the 'Blues.' I'm a 'Red.' We're trying to see which side can get the biggest number of new scholars. Do you belong to any Sunday school?"

"No," replied Tom in surprise, "I never went to one."

"Hooray! Here's my chance!" shouted Jack, hastily pinning a red button on Tom's coat. "Come along with me."

Tom went. Once there, he felt perfectly at home, for most of the boys he knew at day school. Strange to say, there sat Miss Lewis at the piano! As the "Reds" sat on her side of the room, she saw Tom come in. He knew by her eyes that she was glad to see him.

His teacher proved to be a young man who could tell stories even better than Miss Lewis. For the first time, Tom heard a wonderful story about a shepherd boy who killed a bear and a lion and then went out, with nothing but a sling-shot and five smooth stones, to fight a giant! While the giant was being described, Tom thought of the stranger who had talked so long in his father's kitchen the night before. He knew from what the teacher said that the giant must have looked very much like that man. The giant was a wicked man—perhaps the stranger was, too.

Wednesday night no one slept at the Sucoivitchs' house. The kitchen was crowded with men and women, and twice the dark stranger came in and talked. In the morning no one went to work. Instead, they gathered at the mill gates and threw stones at all those who tried to enter.

Tom started for school, but on the way he met Jack Peters.

"Hi! there!" called Jack. "There isn't going to be any school. The building is ail locked up. People say the soldiers are going to sleep there."

"Soldiers!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes!" shouted Jack in great glee. "Some men had a fight with some of the policemen, so they have sent for the State Militia."

The next two days were never to be forgotten. Friday night again found Tom behind the stove in the Sucoivitch kitchen. He did not feel sleepy now, for every word the men said was

exciting. The big, dark stranger was there. He did not shout as before, but gave directions in a low voice. Every once in a while he went to the head of the stairs to see if the men he had placed at the door were still guarding it. Tom caught stray words in Polish which filled him with fear. The stranger was urging the men to carry out a plot in which they would dynamite the mills and many of the public buildings in the city. Mike Miegiewicz and Bronis Lempicka objected with the rest. They shook their heads and muttered, but as the stranger talked, their eyes became fixed on him and they seemed willing to do everything he suggested.

Very slowly the stranger took a grimy paper from his pocket and placed it on the table before him.

"Here is the plot," he said, eyeing the men slowly. "Here is a list of the things to be done and each of your names is after the thing you are to do. It has all been planned very carefully. This paper will bring low the people that you hate!"

Tom gazed as if fascinated at the paper. It seemed to him a very wicked thing. He could stand it no longer. With a bound he was upon the table. He seized the paper and thrust it into the stove. It blazed up. In an instant the room was in the wildest confusion. The dark stranger sprang to his feet. Raising his chair he struck Tom such a blow on the head that he fell senseless to the floor.

"Coward!" shouted Mike Miegiewicz. "Coward, to strike a child!"

"It's Tom Sucoivitch!" cried Bronis Lempicka. "He's killed!"

Tom did, indeed, look as if he were dead. He lay very white and still upon the floor. The room quickly emptied itself. Mike Miegiewicz threw water in Tom's face while Bronis Lempicka ran to call a policeman. In the confusion no one noticed when the stranger slipped away. Plots and dynamite were forgotten. The police were no longer enemies, but friends who knew how to call the ambulance. Very tenderly they carried Tom down the stairs. Mike Miegiewicz insisted on riding with him the whole way to the hospital.

Ten days later when Tom was sitting up in bed, he began to have visitors. He was much surprised when Jack Peters told

him his picture had been in the newspapers and that all the boys at school were talking about how brave he was. Miss Lewis told him that he had saved the city. Mike Miegiewicz brought him a big bunch of pinks and stayed a long while.

When he stood up to go he said, "We were very silly to listen to that man. He was bad. 'Tom,' he went on after a pause, "whatever put it into your head to burn that wicked paper?"

Tom looked at the ceiling a minute, then he answered, "I heard a story about a boy named David who wasn't afraid to fight the giant, Goliath, when he found out how wicked he was. I guess I felt the way David did."

"Tell me that story," said Mike Miegiewicz.

"Sometime," promised Tom.

What was wrong with those men?

Why did they wish to destroy public buildings and cause an uprising against the government?

What would those men have accomplished by their acts?

What did they need to learn?

Why is the method those men used not necessary in a free country?

How is living together as citizens like playing a game?

These questions are for the purpose of developing sound judgment and ideas in the minds of the boys and girls.

(3) *Respect for the law.* Respect for law is another kind of reverence.

On the blackboard write: REVERENCE FOR THE LAW. DON'T DESTROY; BUILD UP.

How do our city's laws help you?

What are some of those laws?

Call for reports on last week's assignment.

How about your neighbor's apple orchard? If you break a limb off an apple tree in order to steal apples,

are you a "Better American," helping all to live happily and successfully?

If you took what did not belong to you, would you be eligible to be placed on our Honor Roll of Better Americans?

Does this need of obeying laws mean that this is not a land of liberty? Why? A land of liberty means that everybody has a chance to make something of himself and must help everybody else to have that kind of liberty also.

4. Song. "America the Beautiful" (*Third Stanza.*)

5. Prayer.

6. Active games (*giving opportunity to obey rules and regulations.*)

7. Rehearsal for the play.

8. Preparation for next session.

Assign the following questions to be thought about during the week:

What do we mean by loyalty?

To whom and to what should we be loyal?

Whom have you read of or seen who was loyal?

TENTH SESSION

LOYALTY

AIM: *To develop the attitude of loyalty.*

1. Song. "True-hearted, Whole-hearted."
2. Expressional work.
Continue work on the Posters.
3. Approach to the lesson.

The Price of a Life

A STORY¹

By Mary Stewart

The moon was paling in the cold sky and the morning star had not yet risen, when the Serbian Prince Stephan, asleep in his castle at Belgrade, was awakened by a strange wailing outside his window.

"O ye Stephan, this morn has brought ill fate to thee!" moaned the voice. "The mighty Turk has made ready to attack the city of Belgrade from three sides. Climb to thy tower and look out!"

Stephan knew that the voice must belong to a Veela, one of those strange, golden-haired beings, half-woman, half-fairy, who live in streams and woods and appear to human beings only in moments of great importance.

Hastily arming himself, Stephan hurried to his tower and looked out. What a terrifying sight met his gaze! If a heavy rain had fallen from the sky not a drop could have touched the ground, so closely rode the multitude of Turks upon their horses. There was no hope of escape for any in Belgrade. Completely surprised, they were overcome with no chance of fighting, their possessions seized by the enemy, and only a few poor Belgradians lived to see the sun rise that morning.

Prince Stephan was taken prisoner with the rest and would

¹ Reprinted from *Tell Me a Hero Story*, by permission of the publisher, Fleming H. Revell Company.

have been executed at once, but the fame of his heroic deeds had spread far and wide, and his captors carried him with pride to their leader, the Vizier of Tyoopria. The Vizier was so pleased with the capture that he ordered a feast to be prepared and many cannon fired off to celebrate the event. While their roar filled the air he gazed delightedly at the noble youth before him, whose beauty was as great as his deeds were splendid.

"Unbind his hands!" exclaimed the Vizier as the din lessened. "Give him back his horse and sword. Such a hero shall never be treated by me as a slave. He shall be led in honor to the Sultan, and I can promise that the mighty ruler will give him his life."

Upon his royal divan in Constantinople sat the great Sultan. His garments of rich silk and cloth-of-gold sparkled with jewels, and an emerald of immense size shone from the front of the small tasseled cap upon his dark head. But his swarthy face and black beady eyes held no trace of nobility; cruel thoughts and evil deeds had left their mark upon him.

He sat listening with keen interest to the Vizier of Tyoopria's story of the conquest of Belgrade and the taking captive of Prince Stephan. Then the Vizier ordered his prisoner brought into the Sultan's presence, and the face of even that crafty ruler lighted with admiration at the sight of such noble beauty. Stephan, courteous to friend and foe, bowed low and then, as the custom was, kissed the embroidered slipper and the satin clad knee of the Sultan. But that great ruler motioned his prisoner to a seat beside him and exclaimed, "O heroic prince, if thou wilt give up thy Christian faith and become a Turk, a follower of Mohammed, I will make thee my Grand Vizier. Thou shalt have seven other viziers to obey thy wishes; and more, I will give thee my only daughter in marriage and will love thee as my own son!"

Stephan rose from his seat beside the Sultan, and this time he made no bow. He held his head proudly erect and his eyes flashed as he answered, "O great Sultan, thou mighty ruler, if thou should offer me thy throne as a reward, I would never turn Turk or cease following the Holy Cross. I am ready to give my life for the Christian faith!"

The Sultan's dark face grew black with rage, and motioning

to the captain of his guard to draw near he commanded fiercely, "Behead this man instantly!"

But the Vizier of Tyoopria fell upon his knees before the royal divan crying, "Have patience, I pray thee, mighty Sultan! Do not take the life of such a hero. I gave him my promise that thou wouldst spare him. Give him to me for his weight in gold! I will keep him safely in my castle and there I give thee my word, I will make him love the religion of Mohammed!"

The Sultan, whose flashes of anger were soon over and who dearly loved gold, agreed to this proposal. So Stephan was taken with much ceremony to the Vizier's palace in the mountains, a palace filled with every comfort and luxury imaginable.

There for a whole year the Serbian prisoner was entertained in a manner befitting a royal prince. At the end of that time the Vizier asked him, for love of him, to become a follower of Mohammed. When Stephan again refused, the Vizier sent for the wisest priests, judges, and nobles in the country. After a feast given in Stephan's honor, the guests rose, one after another, and used all their work of wisdom to persuade Stephan that the religion of Mohammed was the only true one. When they were all seated, their host's friend, the Grand Vizier of Novi Bazar, declared solemnly, "O Prince Stephan, the Vizier has ordered us to change thy faith. If thou wilt, he will give thee his daughter in marriage—she is more beautiful than the White Veela herself—and will have thee appointed Grand Vizier of Novi Bazar in my place. But if thou refusest to become a Turk and change thy religion, his executioner now stands outside the door to sever thy head from thy body!"

Stephan had risen and stood listening courteously. When the Grand Vizier had ended, he answered, to the astonishment of all the guests, "I thank thee, reverend priests, judges, and nobles, but I would rather lose my life for the sake of our holy faith than live to become a Turk."

Sadly the Vizier of Tyoopria sent for his executioner and ordered that black and brutal looking man to behead Stephan at once, in the courtyard of the palace. But the Grand Vizier of Novi Bazar pleaded with his host, "Dost thou not remember thou

didst promise the Prince his life?" he cried. "Give him to me for twice his weight in gold, and I declare solemnly that before a year is over I shall have made him a follower of Mohammed."

The Vizier of Tyoopria was thankful to accept this offer, for he loved the noble youth, and Stephan rode away with the Grand Vizier to his castle at Novi Bazar. That castle was a great dark fortress, and beneath it stretched twelve terrible dungeons, each as black as night. When they reached there the Grand Vizier called for his most trusty servant.

"Take this dearly bought prisoner," he commanded, "and lead him through the dungeons until thou comest to the twelfth. There leave him, locking all twelve doors behind thee. Pining for the light of the sun and moon methinks he will soon be willing to change his religion!"

The trusty servant led Stephan across the courtyard to the dungeon. As he did so, the Grand Vizier's lovely daughter, Haykoona, peeking from behind her lattice window, caught sight of the princely prisoner. For an instant their eyes met and the color, like red roses, flamed in her cheeks, while her dark eyes shone like stars. In that short moment Haykoona knew that although Turkish nobles from far and near sought her hand in marriage, this Serbian prisoner alone would possess her heart forever.

Months passed, and while Stephan grew wan and pale in his dark prison, the Princess Haykoona thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night. No other suitor would she listen to, and her father began to fear that unless he could soon change Stephan into a Turk, his daughter would pine away and die.

So at the end of six months the Grand Vizier sent for the Princess. "My darling daughter, my pure gold," he said, "go back to thy tower and adorn thyself with thy richest apparel of rosy silks and thy golden woven cloak. Then take in thy hand this crystal goblet. The sparkling liquid within it is made from the forest flowers and is called 'the water of forgetfulness.' He who drinks but one drop must either forget or hate his people and his religion. Go to the lowest dungeon, open the twelve doors with this key, being careful to lock them all behind thee,

and in the twelfth thou wilt find the Serbian Prince, Stephan. Give him this wonderful water to drink, then he will forget his faith, become a Turkish Mohammedan, and marry thee!"

Haykoona was filled with joy. Arrayed in her rosy silks, her cloud of dark hair bound only by a circlet of gold, she threw her shimmering cloak about her and took in her hand the gleaming goblet. With hands trembling with eagerness she unlocked the twelve doors and stood at last in the dark cell where Stephan sat, haggard and sorrowful. Haykoona in her fair beauty, like a radiant cloud at sunset, filled the cell with light. "Hail, O Serbian hero!" she cried in her sweet voice.

"Hail, O peerless Haykoona of the starry eyes!" he answered, rising and bowing low before her.

"O Prince Stephan," exclaimed the maiden, "I value thee as much as my black eyes, and I sorrow to see thy face thus darkened and thy life so miserable in this prison dungeon. Drink, I pray thee, from this crystal cup; it will comfort thee greatly."

Stephan took the goblet from those fair hands, raised it,—then dashed it against the stone wall! It fell, shattered into a thousand fragments.

Haykoona flushed with anger. But when she gazed at Stephan again, her anger faded and her love shone sweetly through those wondrous eyes.

"If you will not accept the crystal goblet," she said, "accept me! Become a Turk and take me for thy bride. Kiss me now, my beloved, as a pledge!" Her arms were outstretched, her beauty was beyond compare, surely Prince Stephan must yield at last!

But he buried his face in his hands and cried, "O Princess, speak no more thus. Were I, a Christian, to kiss a Turk—yea even though I do love thee—the very stones of this cell would fall upon our heads in horror. I shall never turn Turk and forget my Christian faith. I am ready always to give my life for it."

Now Haykoona truly loved the Prince with all her heart and although it hurt her pride to be treated thus, she admired him more than ever for his fearless spirit.

"O Prince Stephan," she cried, "truly I value thee more than

my own eyes! Not for all the wealth of the world would I become a Christian, but if thou wilt promise me thy love and wilt marry me, I will be baptized into thy faith. Come, let us fly together to thy glorious Belgrade!"

Stephan opened his arms joyfully to the beauteous maiden. "Thou hast my princely promise," he vowed, embracing her tenderly, "that I shall love thee and be faithful to thee as is the duty of a true knight! May the Lord in Heaven be my witness!"

Then the Princess unlocked the twelve dungeon doors and stood with her hero in the sweet night air, under the sky bespangled with silver stars and radiant with the light of the moon. From the stables of the Grand Vizier they took two steeds as fleet as the wind, and Haykoona drew from her girdle a dagger studded with large diamonds, worth half of Novi Bazar.

"Take this weapon, my dearest lord," she said. "It is my bridal gift to thee, and thou mayest need it upon this journey."

Then they mounted the horses and fled through the night with such speed that before dawn they reached Belgrade, a distance no swift caravan could cover in less than three days and nights. As the sun rose over that fair city, again in the hands of the Serbians, the Prince Stephan summoned twelve monks to baptize the peerless Turkish maiden into the Christian faith. Then the monks, in their beautiful arched church, married the Princess Haykoona to the Serbian Prince, and she proved a wife worthy of that noble hero.

4. Development of the lesson.

DISCUSSION

What do you like about that story?

Would people like Stephan be worthy of a place on our Roll of Honor of Better Americans?

Can you suggest any loyal people for our Roll of Honor?

Vote on any nominations the children make.

To what were they loyal?

To whom and to what should we be loyal?

The above questions will call for the answers to the questions assigned for study for this meeting. The leader may aid in the discussions thus:

How would you feel toward a friend who would not stand by you when others were "picking on" you unjustly?

John and Arthur had always been great chums. They played together all the time. Arthur owned interesting things which he shared with John, and John was over at Arthur's house very often. One day they were on their way to school together when suddenly someone grabbed Arthur and threw him down. Then a crowd of boys came up and joined in the attack upon Arthur. John was afraid of the crowd of bullies and instead of helping Arthur, he joined in the attack. At length Arthur got up and escaped, but John let him go on alone while he stayed with the crowd.

Which should John have thought of more importance—to save himself or to be loyal to Arthur?

Suppose, on the other hand, your chum were doing something wrong—telling a lie, for instance. Which would be the truest kind of loyalty, to help him out in his lying or to tell him that you would not lie for him and try to persuade him to tell the truth?

Thus there should be deducted two objects of loyalty: friends and right standards of conduct. By questioning, direct the attention of the group to home, school, country, and God. Such questions as these may be asked:

With whom do you live?

Are there any tests of loyalty at home?

Where do you spend most of your day?

How can you show loyalty at school? (*Present the American flag.*)

What do we mean by pledging allegiance to our flag?
How can we be loyal to it?

Lead the boys and girls to enumerate the classes of loyalties already discussed; loyalty to a principle, loyalty to friends, loyalty to country; then ask:

Is there any one to whom "Better Americans" must first of all be loyal? (*God.*)

Why should loyalty to God come first?

Each one of us has to decide whether we shall belong to the class of loyal people or to those who are disloyal.

5. Preparation for next session.

Assign the following references for the children to look up during the week to help answer the question, How can we be true to God?

(1) *Ephesians* 6:1. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right."

(2) *Luke* 6:31. "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

(3) *Matthew* 22:37-39. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

(4) *Leviticus* 19:11. "Ye shall not steal; neither shall ye deal falsely, nor lie one to another."

(5) *Exodus* 20:7. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

(6) *Exodus* 20:8. "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."

(7) *Exodus* 20:12. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

(8) *Exodus* 20:16. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

(9) *Exodus* 20:17. "Thou shalt not covet."

(10) *Ecclesiastes* 9:10. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

(11) *Ephesians* 4:32. "Be ye kind one to another."

6. Song. Sing again "True-hearted, Whole-hearted."

7. Prayer.

8. Expressional work.

Plan for POSTERS related to this lesson.

Conduct a rehearsal for the play.

Talk over plans for the presentation of the play and exhibit.

ELEVENTH SESSION

BEING TRUE TO GOD

AIM: To help the pupils to realize that to be "Better Americans" we must be true to God, and that to make a better America we must help to keep our country true to God also.

1. Roll of Honor.

Add names to the Roll of Honor of Better Americans.

2. Song. "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand."

3. Expressional work.

Work on the POSTER illustrating "America the Beautiful."

Other unfinished handwork may be continued now. Perhaps some members of the group may work on the posters while others work on the gifts.

4. Song. "America."

5. Approach to the lesson.

Last week we talked about being loyal. To whom and to what did we decide we should be loyal?

Who did we say should come first?

6. Development of the lesson.

DISCUSSION

How can we be true to God? What about the ideas we have discussed during the different sessions of this course?

The leader may comment upon each of the preceding lessons in such a way as to lead the children to see that all the ways which we have discovered for making Better Americans really means being true to God. Call for Bible verses looked up during the week which also tell us how to be true to God.

Do you know the motto that is inscribed on your money? (*Let the group discover, "In God We Trust."*)

When we read that motto, we should supply a thought which belongs with it but would be too wordy to use in this way. The inscription might read:

"We will do our best, and then trust in God."

As citizens we can help to hold our country up to God's standards by being true to his rules for living at home, in school, at play, in our neighborhood, and in our town.

Why do you go to church school?

Can America be as good a country as it ought to be if some of its people do not have a chance to learn how to be true to God?

That is why a part of the work of our own home missionary society is to establish and maintain churches and church schools in places where the people are not able to help themselves in this way.

The Tale of a Ford

A STORY¹

By Edith Scamman

The Ford car fairly flew over the smooth hard road.

"Say, Dad, this is racing all right—with no speed limits to worry about." Hal laughed joyfully as he pulled his cap off and waved it in the air. "Hooray, keep her at it."

"I've got to, if we reach the next town before night. It is easy going here, but those hills straight ahead of us will mean good steady climbing." After a pause he added, "This is the worst heat we have struck since we left New York. Even the wind is scorching." Mr. Ware wiped the perspiration from his sunburnt forehead.

¹ Reprinted from "Here and There Stories," published by The Department of Missionary Education of the Congregational Education Society.

Hal looked out of the fast-moving car. There was nothing to be seen but the flat stretch of dust-colored country extending to the very edge of the horizon. Beside the road grew clumps of dull green sage-brush. Before them the white road stretched straight as an arrow until it seemed to lose itself in a distant range of gray hills.

"Isn't it great to be really 'out West'! Now if we could only meet a few Indians or even buffaloes, it would be just like the story books. But," Hal added, "I shouldn't want to live here all the time. It must be mighty lonesome—for the kids especially."

"Oh, they get used to it," Mr. Ware replied carelessly.

The sun dropped slowly out of sight behind a high hill as the sturdy little car puffed away up the slope.

Suddenly, Hal's father could never explain how it happened, as they turned a sharp curve on a bit of down grade, the car swerved, left the road, and plunged into a clump of mesquite bushes.

Hal was thrown clear of the car, falling in a pile of soft sand. After a moment, during which the sky seemed full of shooting stars, he jumped to his feet, unhurt, and ran toward the overturned car. To his horror he found his father lying beneath it.

"Oh, Dad!" he half sobbed.

"All right, son, I'm not hurt—at least not much, but I can't move. I seem to be pinned in here."

Following his suggestion Hal worked bravely, but he was not strong enough to lift the weight that pressed his father to the ground and held him as in a vise. What was to be done? Both realized that it might be hours before any ranchman or tourist passed along the road, as they had traveled all day and met but three cars. Finally Hal proposed that he walk on ahead to the little settlement which, according to the auto guide, could not be many miles distant. He could then tell of his father's plight and send someone to the rescue.

"But I hate to have you start off alone in this wild place," Mr. Ware exclaimed. "Still I suppose it is the only way."

"Why, Dad, I am a big boy now. I am not a 'fraid-cat,' and as long as there are no buffaloes or Indians—" Hal laughed, as he said "good-by" cheerfully and walked quickly along the road.

His heart beat faster and faster, for way down deep inside he was desperately afraid. He had lived all his life in a big city where the houses almost touched each other, facing streets with crowds of people passing day and night. He suddenly felt alone in all the world.

The wind which had been blowing all the afternoon seemed to be increasing as darkness came on. Tiny particles of sand hit his cheeks and pricked him like needles. Almost in a moment clouds of sand rose from the ground and blew about in all directions. He could no longer see the road, but he pushed on ahead until the sand nearly blinded him and the force of the wind knocked him over. A certain paragraph in the big geography at school came like a flash to his mind. It was on the page opposite the map of Africa and began, "Sandstorms occur frequently, in the desert country." Evidently there were sandstorms out West, too. Would it bury him alive—and poor Dad under the car? He must find someone to go to his father's rescue.

Jumping up, Hal staggered on blindly. It was no use, it was hopelessly dark, and the wind was like a hurricane. He stumbled against a bush of mesquite which seemed to offer a slight protection. He was so very sleepy. Curling up in the hot sand, he whispered softly:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

And dear Dad's, too," he added.

* * * * *

"Say, wake up, kid, what's the matter with you?" Hal heard a voice sound dimly in his ear. Was it Bridget, and would he be late to school again? No, it didn't sound like Bridget. She never called him "kid."

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. Where was he? Outdoors—the sun was shining! He was half covered with yellow sand. Sand! Now he remembered.

There beside him, shaking his arm, sat a girl about his own age. She didn't look at all like the girls he knew at home. She wore a faded blue calico dress. Her hair was long and straight,

not even braided. Her face was brown and freckled, but she had nice eyes, and they were looking right into his, and smiling.

"Such a fright as you gave me! I thought maybe the sand-storm last night had finished you. Feel all right?" she questioned a bit anxiously. And as Hal nodded his head, she asked, "What did you do, drop from the sky?"

Hal told his story eagerly, "But how did you know I was out here? Did you just happen—"

"Sure! We live on a ranch down yonder—just Ma and I and the baby, since Brother Will went off to fight the Germans. Sam," she pointed to a lank white horse standing meekly a few steps behind her, "Sam and I started out early this morning for Williams' Ranch. The Sunday-school man's coming today for the last time." Her eyes dropped to the ground, and she pulled at the hem of her dress. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Ma and the baby generally go, but he's sick today."

"Oh, is it Sunday?" Hal asked doubtfully. Everything seemed so unreal. He was sure he wasn't quite awake.

"Sure! I'll take you along, and you can be a new scholar. That will be great!" she jumped up and clapped her hands excitedly. "Don't you just love to go to Sunday school?"

"Yes—sometimes," Hal answered, hesitating a little. He thought of the big dim city church, the music of the organ, and the rows and rows of little boys and girls, sitting straight and stiff, dressed in their best clothes. Sunday school out here in the sand and sage-brush! The world seemed very topsy-turvy. "But Dad, I must find him first," he exclaimed.

"Well, I've come four miles from home, and it is only three to Williams' Ranch, so we'll go to the Ranch and tell them there about it. Maybe somebody's picked him up 'fore this," she added encouragingly.

With a spring she was on Sam's back, telling Hal to climb up behind her, and hold on tight. During the ride she asked him questions about New York. "It must be wonderful to live where there are lots of people, and churches and schools and stores," she burst out. "But then, I'd miss all the"—she hesitated for the right word—"all the bigness. It will be kinder lonesome, though, when the Sunday-school man doesn't come any more.

We sing and sing, and he tells the nicest stories. Every Sunday folks come for miles, bring their lunches, and stay all day."

"All day!" Hal exclaimed under his breath, then asked aloud, "Why can't he come any more?"

"Oh, I guess the churches and missionary societies back East won't send him any more money. Then he has so many miles to travel with his horse. He can't get to more than three places in a Sunday, so he's got to cut us out. Does your father drink?" she asked abruptly.

"My father!" Hal clutched her arm. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't get mad! But my brother Will did—most all the time—till the Sunday-school man came, and then he stopped right short. It isn't a bit nice to have your men folks drink!" she said thoughtfully.

When they reached the little ranch house with the big wind-mill in front of it, a group of men and women and boys and girls were gathered beside the door. Hal gave a shout of joy, for there in the very center of the group stood his father, safe and sound. He slid off Sam's back right into his father's arms.

"Oh, my boy, I was so afraid for you!" Mr. Ware exclaimed. "Men from this ranch came along the road last night, and found me unconscious and half-buried under the car. They brought me here, and they are now hunting the country over for you."

Not for a long time will Hal forget that Sunday in the little ranch house. Even the well-known Bible stories told by the earnest young missionary seemed to have a fresh meaning. Mary, for that was the name of Hal's rescuer, introduced him with dignified pride to all the other children, as "my friend from New York."

As the Sunday-school man was telling the people that he could not come to them again and that the Sunday school would have to be discontinued, Hal held a whispered consultation with his father.

"Isn't it to send missionaries to places just like this that we give our Sunday-school money on Children's Day?" he asked.

"I believe it is, Hal," was the answer.

"Then next year I'll tell the other kids in my class all about today, so they'll feel that it is all *real*, and we will save our

money weeks beforehand. And oh, Dad," he said slowly, "if he only had a Ford—like ours—he could keep this Sunday school going, and start new ones, perhaps!"

Mr. Ware had just the slightest twinkle in his eye, as he remarked earnestly, "If you say so, son, we'll go the rest of the way by train."

Let us think of the last stanza of "America":

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Every time we sing "America" we are asking God to protect our country; but we have found out that if we want God to protect our country, we have something to do ourselves. So we and God together can take care of America, make it a better country, and so help to make a better world.

7. Service activities.

The Scripture verses already used in this lesson may be printed neatly on cardboard with a decorated border, and be sent to Home Mission schools as gifts.

8. Prayer.

9. Preparation for next session.

Assign the following questions for the children to be ready to answer at the next meeting.

(1) Where was Louis Agassiz born? What did he do for America?

(2) Where was John Ericsson born? What did he do for America?

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(3) Where was George Goethals born? What has he done for America?

(4) Where was Samuel Gompers born? What has he done for America?

(5) Where was Percy Grainger born? What has he done for America?

(6) Where was John Muir born? What has he done for America?

(7) Where was Michael Anagnos born? What did he do for America?

(8) Where was Michael Pupin born? What did he do for America?

(9) Where was Emile Berliner born? What did he do for America?

(10) Where was Karl Bitter born? What did he do for America?

10. Dramatization.

Rehearsal and plans for giving play.

TWELFTH SESSION

WHO ARE GOOD AMERICANS?

AIM: To establish in the minds of the pupils the right to be called good Americans because of conduct and service, rather than because of birth or social position; to show that people of many nationalities are helping to make this a "Better America"; and to create a feeling of friendliness among the different elements in American society.

1. Expressional work.

Add names to the ROLL OF HONOR.

Continue work on POSTERS, developing the point of the preceding lesson.

At the end of this session any left-over work may be finished and plans for the play or exhibit may be completed.

2. Approach to the lesson.

You know that once there was no United States of America, or even settlements of white people in this land; just forest and plains and deserts and Indians, but after a time this country was discovered by white people from across the seas who established colonies here.

3. Development of the lesson.

DISCUSSION

(1) *Pilgrims of today.* There were not so very many people here at that time, but others have been coming ever since. In a way, America is being discovered constantly, for every year many people in Asia and Europe discover for themselves America's opportunities and desirability as a homeland; so over they come, in ships, by thousands. Consequently there are many more people here now than there were when the nation was first started.

Who were the Pilgrims? Why did they come?

Don't you suppose these present-day new-comers may also be called pilgrims?

What does pilgrim mean anyway?

We honor those first pilgrims because they were a hardy, courageous, God-fearing people, lovers of liberty and righteousness.

Do you know that many of the more recent immigrants to our country, many of those whom you see in the streets or in school every day and whom you call foreigners, have come here in search of freedom and liberty?

Do you know that often they have left fathers and mothers and friends and a country with whose customs they are acquainted in order that they might come to this land of opportunity where they have a better chance to do the kind of work which God has made them capable of doing?

Do you know that these present-day immigrants have to be brave enough to endure much hardship when they arrive in this strange land?

Why do you suppose that is?

Difference in customs, language, difficulty in finding a home and work may be mentioned.

So I think we may call these people also pilgrims—pilgrims of today, to distinguish them from the first pilgrims. Do you agree with me?

Little Jeanne

A STORY¹

By Alice Precourt

Little Jeanne, who had been in America but six months, was on her way to her American home, in the third story of a huge

¹ Reprinted from "Here and There Stories," published by The Department of Missionary Education of the Congregational Education Society.

tenement house; she did not hurry, because Mamma Moreau would not yet be home from work, and, therefore, there would be no immediate need for the bread and cheese she carried.

Now, little Jeanne was not suffering from poverty and sickness. She was quite warmly dressed in her blue coat and tam o'shanter, and she certainly was not hungry. At least not hungry for food,—her Mamma took such excellent care of her. But there was a big ache in the little girl's heart, such a hunger for playmates, friends, and a speaking acquaintance with the new world in which she lived.

And just everything increased that ache. For instance, that very day we were mentioning, she stopped to admire the beautiful flowers in the florist's shop on the corner, and, of course, her memory carried her right back to that darling little cement house in Uriage, with its garden of primroses, then of ramblers and of violets,—and out of her lonesome heart she talked to them all:

"Pretty flowers, *chéries*, I ask myself are you cousins to my own flowers in France? And has the dear God sent you here? Perhaps you come from different countries and someone has helped you to be friends? Or again, perhaps it is that you are so beautiful and loving that you all love each other without effort."

Poor little Jeanne, how she had loved and cared for her garden while Papa Moreau was fighting. She had promised him to have perfect flowers for his return, but he had found a bigger garden in Heaven, and Jeanne was glad although she missed him terribly.

Today there was an old gentleman standing in front of a delicatessen store. As Jeanne gazed into the window, her blue eyes filled with tears which made the gentleman's face grow kind.

Could it be possible? It must be—*mais non*— Her own special pet piggy could not have been sent over from France and delivered right near her door! Still, he did look just like Pierrot, who scampered so madly among his black and white brothers in their comfortable pen at Uriage.

And why should he lie so dead in the store window, all trimmed on a platter? A sign below him read "Have Your Thanksgiving

Dinner Here." Jeanne could read simple English, for she was fast learning in the school she attended.

Thanksgiving! Her teacher had told the story of it, and the tears in Jeanne's eyes overflowed as she pictured her Pierrot being eaten by somebody who did not love him. If only she could talk to someone of her home in France, tell people of her flowers, her pigs, her chickens, how that would help!

But alas! No one cared in America, nice comfortable America; no one was interested in her story or her life.

"Dear God, send me a playmate like Pierrot!" she prayed. And in her earnestness, she spoke her wishes out loud.

"You funny girl, to want a pig for a playmate!" Jeanne was startled by the remark, and turned to face a pretty brown-eyed girl of her own age, who clung to the old gentleman's hand.

"But it would be a very good deal better than nobody, and would be something like my home in France," replied Jeanne in sad tones.

You know as well as I do that Jeanne was soon telling her lonesomeness to her new acquaintance, who was all sympathy and tenderness when the beautiful little girl told of her Daddy's glorious sacrifice for France. The only witness to the creation of this new friendship was the old gentleman, who blew his nose violently and never lost a word of the conversation.

"Well, I'm your friend now," said Brown Eyes, "and I've just the bestest idea. Granddaddy is taking me to the meeting of our Girl's Club at the Schaufler School, and we always have a story hour once a week. Each one of us must tell a story, too, and your stories would be so lovely. Come along!"

Little Jeanne followed, gladly trusting Brown Eyes and her grandfather because of their friendliness. At the Story Hour, a Thanksgiving party was planned, and all the Story Hour little people invited Jeanne because they wanted to hear so much more of her country.

Of course, this was the beginning of happy times for Jeanne. She had found friends, new games, and a welcome in the new land. Jeanne is a contented little French girl in America: I know, because her story was told to me at the last Story Hour at the Schaufler School.

Good Mamma Moreau rejoiced in her little daughter's happiness in her new friends. Every night as they ate their supper, Jeanne would tell her mother of the games, the lessons, and the play with the other little girls which now filled her day. Mamma Moreau loved to see the sparkle coming back into her little girl's eyes, to listen to her happy chatter, and to watch her skipping lightly about the room.

In her heart she felt very grateful to the good friends who were doing so much for Jeanne, and she wanted to do something in return.

As they were eating their hot, savory supper one snowy night—Mamma Moreau was a famous cook—a knock sounded on their door. Jeanne quickly opened it, and gave a little squeal of joy.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, it is the Story Hour lady!" she cried, tugging at the young lady's coat to bring her quickly into the room. The Story Hour lady laughed, and greeted Mamma Moreau courteously in French. Delighted to hear her own language, Mamma Moreau welcomed her guest with equal courtesy, and they were soon talking like old friends. "Yes, we are safe here, and do well," said Mamma, "but it is that we are strangers—we know not how to become the real Americans."

"Come help us at the School," said the young lady as she rose to go. "There are many in this great city who are strangers, and not so fortunate as you are in your home and your dear child. Come and help us make them at home in America, too."

One night Jeanne told her mother about the sewing classes at the School, and showed the neatly finished seam on the little petticoat she was making. "Very good, my little pigeon," said Mamma; "suppose I go with you to the School tomorrow night, and see if I also can be taught to sew?"

Jeanne laughed merrily at this, for in their dear old home Mamma Moreau was famous for her beautiful needlework. But she clapped her hands to think of showing her dear mother the room where she spent the happy "Story Hour," and of introducing her to the teachers and friends at the School. So they started off together very happily, and it so happened that when they arrived, a large class of women was gathering for a lesson in sewing. Some of them could sew a little, and some not at

all; but a few of them said they would like to take lessons in embroidery. "That would be very nice," said the tired teacher; "but we haven't another teacher, and I don't know where to look for anyone who could teach you fine work." And then Mamma Moreau, looking so young and pretty with her bright dark eyes and her soft wavy hair, told them in her gentle way that she would be most happy to teach them as far as she could; and in ten minutes she had her class around her, and the nimble fingers flew and friendly chat went on for the whole evening.

As the mother and little girl went home through the dark streets, Mamma said, "So, my little pigeon, we are now truly Americans, are we not? For we are teaching others to be Americans also!"

(2) *Discovering the spirit of America.* When foreigners arrive in America unable to speak our language, unacquainted with America's ways of living and America's standards, they have something to discover besides the land of America. They have to discover the spirit of America and what makes a person a good American. Sometimes before they come here they feel in their hearts what the spirit of America is, but they are here a long while before they find people who seem to be the kind they expected to find here and before they can find the real spirit of America and reach the point where they can feel that they themselves are good Americans.

Edward Steiner

A STORY

A good many years ago there hobbled into a little village in the Carpathian mountains in Hungary a one-legged Jew. He was welcomed and cared for by his fellow Jews in the Jewish section of the village. He told them that he had lost his leg fighting for Abraham Lincoln in the Civil War in America. These people had never heard of Lincoln and hardly even knew

that there was such a place as America. But in the days that followed, the newcomer kept on talking about that wonderful man with the Jewish-sounding first name, and that wonderful country west of the great ocean. On the walls of his room he hung an American flag and a picture of Lincoln.

There was at least one person who listened to his stories—a small boy in the house where he lived. This boy was never tired of hearing about America, the land of liberty, and about that Abraham Lincoln whose sad, kind face he could see in the picture on the wall; how he loved all men and believed in them, and lived and died that all men might be free. A few years later the old soldier died. Among his last words were these, "If Jehovah is anything like Abraham Lincoln, I am not afraid to meet him."

The boy could not forget what he had heard about America. He loved to dream about that country where all men were free and had an equal chance, where even Jews were free. In his country the Jews had always been persecuted. He had never before heard of a country where his people, the Jews, were not despised and ridiculed and hated. By and by, when he had grown into young manhood, he left home, found his way to the seacoast, took passage on one of the great steamboats, and sailed to America. Today that boy is known as Professor E. A. Steiner of Grinnell College in Iowa.

But now try to imagine, if you can, how that Jewish lad felt, with his dreams about America, when he first landed in the real America.

At first sight it seemed very different from his dreams. Almost from the beginning he met persons who cared only for getting his money by fair means or foul. It had begun on the steamer, where all the poor people were crowded into a dirty, uncomfortable part of the boat called the steerage.

"But it will be different," he thought, "when we get to New York."

By and by the big boat sailed up the harbor to the pier in New York City, and the boy found himself on the shore, surrounded by a dozen men, each of whom was shouting at him and trying to get him to come to a different lodging-house. He went with

one of them, and when he had paid in advance for a dinner and a night's lodging, he did not have a cent left—and, remember, this boy could not speak a word of English!

He knew nothing of American ways. He did not even know how to eat a banana. The first one he bought he ate skin and all, and wondered why it tasted so puckery. He was just like the thousands of others who come every year from strange lands to our America.

The next morning he set out to look for a job. He walked the streets all day, with not a bite to eat and without finding any work to do. At last, in the evening, he remembered something which his mother had given him just before he left home. It was the address of a distant relative who had come to America some years before. The house was eighty blocks away, and he had to walk the entire distance. Lucky for him that he found the people at home! Of course these relatives were kind to him, and they helped him to get a job as a cloak-presser. But still he found that most people he met were ready to cheat and mistreat a "green-horn."

He lost his job because of his mistakes in speaking English; so after a time he started West, looking for work. He hired out to a farmer in New Jersey, and the farmer treated him like a slave. He worked in a coal mine in Pennsylvania, and was locked up for six months in prison on a false charge. He walked most of the way from Chicago to Minneapolis on the railroad ties, and was nearly killed by a train on a bridge across the Mississippi River. He helped take care of cattle on a cattle train, and was robbed by a fellow workman, and when he threatened to have him arrested, the fellow pushed him off the top of a moving freight car and left him helpless with a twisted leg by the side of the track.

But little by little the young man found friends in the new country and began to make his way to better things. He found that in spite of many unjust and greedy men in America, it was a good country, after all, and might some day become the land of justice and freedom and love of which he had dreamed in his boyhood days. By and by he became an American citizen, and

no American ever loved his country more dearly or more faithfully.

"I have suffered much here," Professor Steiner writes; "I have endured hunger, sorrow, and despair; yet I say again and again, 'Holy America,' 'Holy America'!"

Professor Steiner is best known for what he has done and is doing to help immigrants. For he is trying to help America by helping the men and women who have come to this country, ignorant of our language and our ways. He and men and women like him have worked to get laws passed compelling the steamboat companies to treat these people like human beings instead of like cattle, and to protect them from greedy and dishonest men when they first arrive. They have started night schools, where foreigners can learn English and where they can be "coached" in regard to American manners and customs. Above all, they have tried to convince native Americans that many people come here just as Mr. Steiner came, because they have heard of America as a land of freedom and justice and love. Many of them love America, even before they reach our shores, far more than some who are born American citizens. Men like Mr. Steiner are teaching us that we are all brothers, children of the same Father in heaven.

What makes a good American?

Here is a question I would like to have you consider, Who are good Americans?

Ask of each pupil, Are you an American? Why are you an American? The pupils will probably call themselves American because they were born here or their fathers have become naturalized.

Suppose an Englishman who had visited America was telling his friends in England what kind of people he found the Americans to be, what would you like to have him say?

Allow free discussion on this point.

Do you think that visitor would find that all the people who had been born here were good Americans?

Do you think he would find that all the people who were naturalized citizens were good Americans?

Then we have some people living in America who are good Americans and some who are not. We have seen that being a good American does not depend upon whether or not one were born here, but rather upon what one does. It depends upon whether or not one helps to make this a better country.

Then, can Greeks, Italians, Poles, Russians, Englishmen, Canadians, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Swedes, and all people of whatever their original nationality become good Americans and help to make a Better America?

Let me tell you about a good American from Denmark:

As we said in an early lesson, we have had to find out what kinds of crops could be raised in different sections of the country, and to a very large extent seeds have been gathered from other countries and brought over here.

Alfalfa was introduced into America and was proved a success in California, but when the farmers of the Northwest depended upon it for food for their cattle, they found themselves in trouble, for the alfalfa plants could not stand the rugged climate of that locality.

A young man who had come to America from Denmark took an interest in this problem and expressed his belief that in colder climates a hardier brand of alfalfa could be found which would grow in our Northwest.

The United States Government employed this young Dane to go in search of the hardiest alfalfa seed he could find. This task involved great hardships for the searcher. His search took him into Russia, Siberia, and China. Often he was in danger of death from cold and sickness and bandits, but he kept on, undaunted, discovering dif-

ferent kinds of alfalfa, but not satisfied until he had found the very hardiest which would stand the most severe climate. These seeds he brought back to America and then took steps to care for them in such a way that from them a large supply could be produced. Because of this man's labors, we have our successful alfalfa fields of the Northwest. The man's name is Niels Ebbesen Hansen.

Boys and girls, who is responsible for making this a better world to live in? (*Men and women.*)

Only men and women? (*No, boys and girls, too.*)

We have a wonderful, a marvelous world to take care of. God has given it to us. We are responsible for its becoming worse, or its standing still, or its becoming better. All the citizens of the world are responsible with us, and we with them. It is not unlike a great machine in which each part must work perfectly if the whole is to run smoothly. It may be we are only a wheel, or a lever, or a shaft; but if we do not do our part, are not loyal to our trust, we hinder God's great plan.

For most of us our work is here in our own country, but it is necessary that God's loyal citizens all over the world know each other's aims and ideals; that they sympathize with one another, love one another, and work together. We are each one responsible to God.

How can you boys and girls do your part?

Lead the group to enumerate the subjects of the twelve sessions they have completed, and to give concrete illustrations of how they personally may apply these lessons to their own good citizenship.

Lead them to put into words their personal responsibility as "Better Americans."

(1) To their own self-respect.

- (2) To their homes.
- (3) To their schools.
- (4) To their friends.
- (5) To their city (or town or village).
- (6) To their country.
- (7) To God.

4. Prayer.

5. Song. "God Save America."

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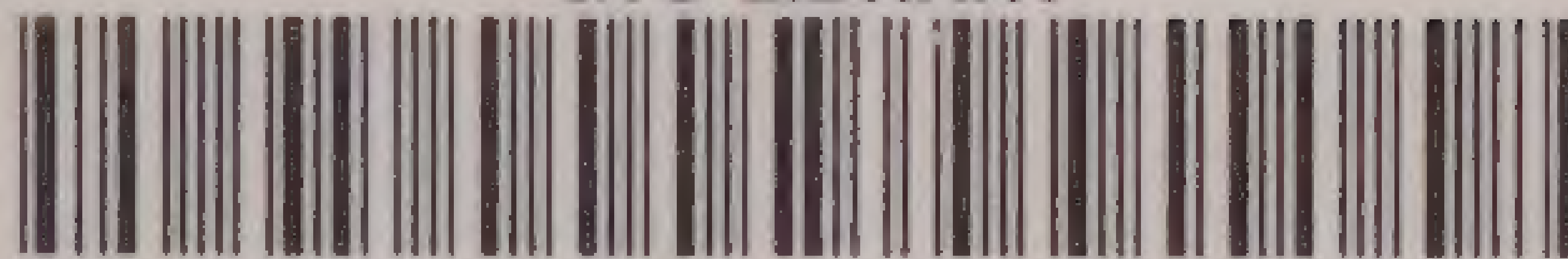
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